

June 1938

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

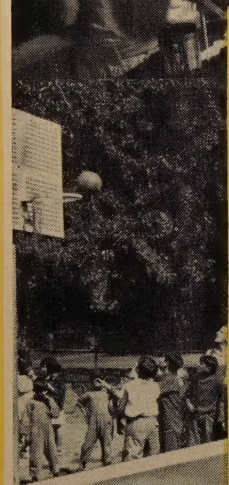
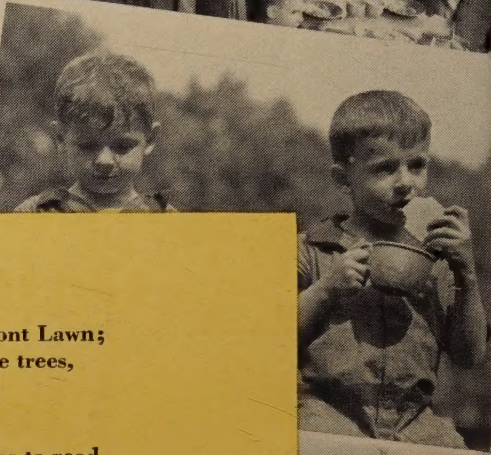
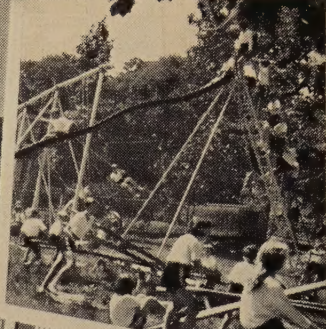


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A BUSY DAY

From the hot and dusty city by bus we came to Mont Lawn;
Showers in the Rain House, the breeze through the trees,
Why, it can't be hot in the city!
Crackers and milk while we sit under the trees
And then a mad rush to swings and seesaws
Or to a nice little house where there are good books to read.

There's a sudden stirring and rushing about to get on a line,
I wonder what that's all about and then I hear "We're gonna eat."
Funny, the children up here say "Thanks" before they get anything,
I'd rather wait until my stomach is full, wouldn't you?

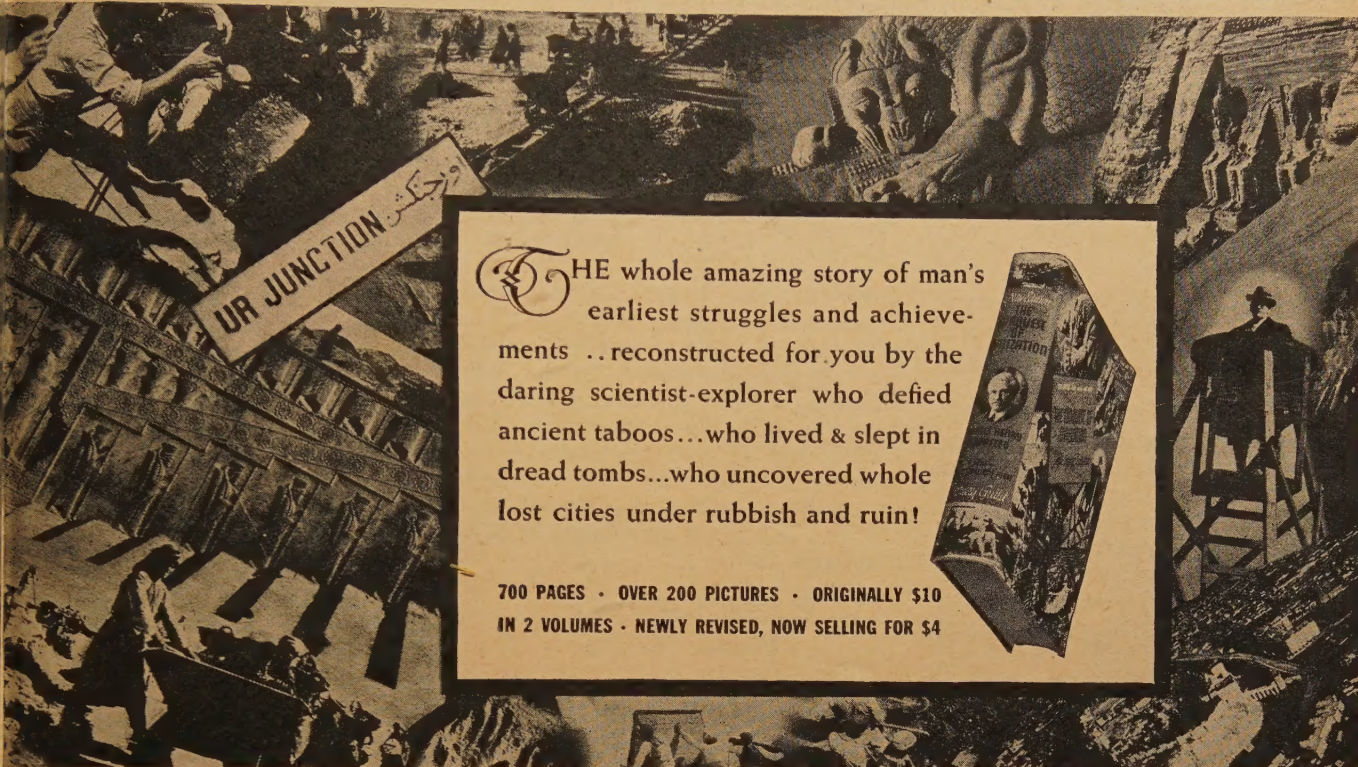
Gosh, I'm tired, it's been a busy day.
I hear singing coming from somewhere across the road
And the birds are making an awful noise getting ready for bed.
The sun has gone behind a big mountain.

I forgot where I was when I waked up the next morning;
My little white bed is next to a window and I can almost touch a tree.
It's so pretty from here I would like to stay in bed forever.
Then I remember where I am and leap out of bed—
We swim today, we build things in a workshop,
We hike—Oh, there's so much to do—I'll have to hurry!



FREE

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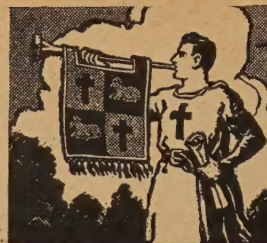
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Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

Our Joke Page

Dear Editor:

Why have you started a joke column in *Christian Herald*? Jokes do not belong in a serious magazine.

T. R. Johnson

Our earliest recollection of religious journalism is "Wise and Otherwise"—a column of jokes which has appeared in *Christian Advocate* for more than forty years to our knowledge—perhaps longer. If by this simple process we can lead today's boys and girls gently into enjoyment of the more important, more serious articles in *Christian Herald*, we feel that the space is entirely justified.

The New Politics

Dear Editor:

Your splendid article in the February issue entitled "The New Politics" is deserving of a letter of approval. . . . I am 21, a 1937 graduate of the University of New Hampshire, with a B. A. in Political Science. I knew what I wanted but the word "politics" struck a discord in the minds of many of my acquaintances. This article gave me encouragement and cheer.

Arthur Enman

Nothing gives the editor more pleasure than a letter of this sort from a young man on the threshold of his career.

Ninety-five Years Young

Dear Editor:

Concerning your Mediterranean Cruise, express my appreciation of such a wonderful trip—my thanks to those who aided and helped and were so patient with me because of my age and infirmity. I expect the great mistake was that I did not take this trip 80 years ago. My advice to everyone that is contemplating an ocean voyage is not to wait until you are 95 years of age to take it. Because at this age of life you cannot help but be somewhat of a menace. Real and sincere are my thanks for all the kindnesses

and consideration shown me on this trip.
John Parkhill

Before this letter arrived, we'd heard much of John Parkhill, who, although 95 years of age, embarked on our Mediterranean Cruise last February. It is our surmise that his age was not alone responsible for the kindnesses and consideration he says he received. His letter breathes a toleration and consideration for others that could but beget a like response.

Stamp Collectors Please Write

Stamp collecting is perhaps least expensive and at the same time most instructive of all hobbies. Much

knowledge of art, geography, history, animals, birds, even religion, can be gained by the philatelist. Many churches have stamp clubs. We wonder how many *Christian Herald* readers collect stamps and whether a stamp department would be a useful feature in the magazine. Let us hear from the stamp collectors.

Have You a Communion Set

THE Communion Set, offered in this column last April, has been sent to the Mt. Olivet Christian Church, at Baltimore, Maryland. This request was the first received. As this issue goes to press, more than 300 requests have come in which makes us wonder if there are

any other churches with individuals that have a communion set gathering dust in some closet. From the nature of the inquiries from struggling congregations, we are sure that we could place them where they would render a far greater service in the observance of the Sacramental Feast. If you have such a communion set, or know one, please write us the details.

A New Story by Dr. Sheldon

A TWO part series story by the beloved Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon entitled "The Shrine Mother Lenox" will start in the July issue. Those who love Dr. Sheldon and they are legion will welcome this new. To our new subscribers we say, get acquainted with Charles M. Sheldon, famous author of "In His Steps" as soon as possible. His kind humor and homely philosophy stand as a shining light in this day of racy, trashy writing.

Vol. 61

JUNE, 1938

No. 6

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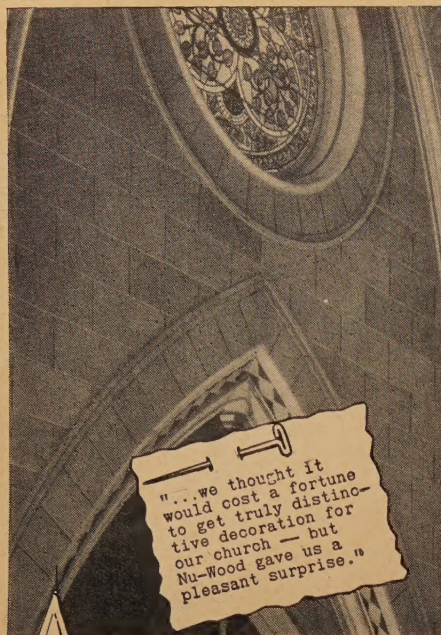
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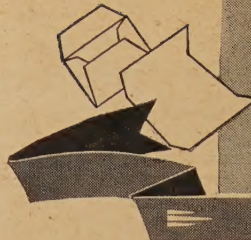
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*Out of
my MAIL*

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATION

IS THE WORLD GROWING WORSE?

Do you think that things are steadily worse in the world?

FOR the moment, yes, but I believe that the path of civilization, which rises and dips, remains permanently at no lower level. Always in every age and period prophets of gloom have declared the world is steadily worse. There is an old verse that runs,

"My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs,
And says we're going to the dogs.
His granddad, in his house of logs,
Swore things were going to the dogs;
His dad, among the Flemish bogs,
Vowed things were going to the dogs.
The caveman in his bearskin togs
Said things were going to the dogs;
But this is what I wish to state,
The dogs have had an awful wait!"

Eight hundred years before Christ, Herodotus let out a wail, declared that youth were hopeless and talked about the good old days when men were so pure that they could climb to the top of Mount Olympus and sit down with the Gods.

My principal and growing concern is to have a part with all of you in making a better world.

IS THE CHURCH TO BLAME?

It was recently asserted that the Christian Church generally has neglected the working classes. According to newspaper reports, the church was blamed for economic ills. What do you think?

WELL, I think that it has been a long time popular sport to criticize the Church for all the ills—economic, social and religious, that plague society. When an orator can find nothing else to say, he may always, with the enthusiasm of a Southern California addict discussing Los Angeles weather, lambast the Church. On the other hand, true it is that too many of us Christians love our own needs better than we love our fellowmen. Again, true it is that we cannot expect families huddled together and half-starved in unhealthy tenements to rise without help to a spiritual level. Let us remember that the Church is an institution both human and divine. Church failures are our failures, not God's.

BETTER NOT TO SMOKE

Some weeks ago, you quoted a scientific authority on the relation between use of tobacco and longevity. Why then do so many public men, including clergymen, use it?

YOU should ask me! I am interested in no campaign. I am not concerned with any propaganda. Facing the question quoted the authority even as now I face this question. I do, however, know that one of the most distinguished men in public life, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, as quoted in "Strength" Magazine after an interview with Langston Moffatt testified as follows: "I smoked regularly till nine years ago, when I cut it out completely. I found this enormously beneficial. In fact, it has changed my entire life. I was able to sleep better and longer stayed up late at night. When I have important work to do, I go to bed early and get up at five-thirty. I can safely say that giving up tobacco has increased my efficiency twenty-five per cent."

WITNESSING FOR HIM

What is witnessing for Christ? Speaking about Him to others? Taking part in religious services? Or is it trying to live a Christian Life?

CERTAINLY, to witness for Christ includes all the above. It includes both participating in the services of the Church and living a Christian life. Always should endeavor to be Christlike in spirit as well as in our speech.

GAMBLING GAMES

Should not one speak out against lowering of standards in the Church? And what is your opinion of raffling articles at a bazaar, selling chances, playing bingo, etc.?

ONE should, of course, speak out against practices that lower standards of the Church. As to raffling articles and selling chances, as well as bingo and other gambling or near-gambling games, these have no place in a Church program.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

NAZI PROPAGANDA IN U. S.

Is Nazi propaganda in the United States an actual menace to American institutions? Do you think that the Nazi camps which are being formed should be abolished?

WHAT is referred to here as Nazi propaganda is manifestly part of a carefully planned international program emanating from Germany and to some extent, at least, authorized by the present German government. In the week of September 17, the fifth annual meeting of what is known as "The Association of Germans Living Abroad" was held in Stuttgart. Ten thousand Germans from outside Germany heard Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, who is head of this movement and also a member of the German foreign office say, "We recognize only one idea, a German always and anywhere remains a German and nothing but a German—and therefore a national socialist."

From literature received by me I have convincing evidence of propaganda which is subversive of democracy and against American freedom.

As to the camps referred to, I do not have first hand knowledge to justify any final conclusion. If these camps violate the law, if they engage in treasonable activities, certainly they should be closed. But American freedom is not furthered by an attitude of fear. Whatever the intolerance of others, we can not afford to become intolerant ourselves.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

What do you think of anonymous letters?

IN general, I think that anonymous letters are the tools of cowards. In particular, I try to forget each one and almost invariably avoid reading it beyond the first sentence, unless I have been trapped before discovering that it was unsigned. There may be times when there is justification for not allowing your name to appear on a communication that you have written. But the anonymous letters to which this question no doubt refers are of another character entirely. Cowards, hypocrites, frauds and unfortunate folk who are not responsible for their deeds write them.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
JUNE, 1938 Vol. 61, No. 6

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.



Are you prepared to die—but not to live?

STRANGE as it may sound, many men are better prepared for death than for life.

They have provided generously for those they love, through insurance. And that is a needed and splendid thing.

But they have failed to provide for that day when earning power may fade, or when release from the daily task would be the sweetest thing in the world. *They are prepared to go—but not to go on.*

It has long been our premise that a man's financial program should include *three* things—(1) a reasonable cash reserve in a substantial bank; (2) life insurance to protect his family in case he should die; and (3) *protection for himself as well as his family in case he lives.*

Have you made this vital third provision? You should. And you can. For it lies within the reach of any man, of every man blessed with the power to earn and ten or fifteen years of earning power left. Yes, even though you earn but a modest amount.

The formula is simple. You need only set aside small sums—and do this regularly, persistently.

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A New Service for Our Readers

WORTH-WHILE RADIO

By Aileen Soares

MUCH has been written regarding the childish, even moronic quality of today's radio programs. Jazz music, tawdry dramatic sketches, blood-curdling gangster and murder stories are often cited as terrible examples. Far too little has been said of the costly efforts of the great broadcasting chains to give the public inspiring, educational and otherwise worth-while radio features. We feel sure that our readers would welcome a reliable guide to those really good programs. And so with this issue of Christian Herald we are starting a new service to Christian Herald readers, namely—a listing of many of the features which fall into such a classification. Each month this list will be revised to cover only the current month. Christian Herald, in presenting this list, must emphatically deny any responsibility for opinions expressed therein. It would be impossible for us to censor in advance such a wide range of programs, but we can assure our readers that the selections have been carefully made and that nothing unwholesome either in advertising or in the hour itself will be presented.



OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS ON JUNE AIRWAVES

(Time is Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations. RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 12:00 P.M. Time for Thought—BLUE. Talks by leading Christian men.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
1:30 P.M. Words and Music—RED. Charles Sears, tenor; Ruth Lyon, soprano; Larry Larsen, organist; Harvey Hays, narrator.
6:30 P.M. Boake Carter, commentator—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAY

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft—CBS. Recitals by Julius Mattfeld.
10:00 A.M. High Lights of the Bible—RED. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—CBS. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination.
10:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan—CBS. Negro choir and talks by Negro leaders.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Madrigal Singers—RED. 18th Century Madrigals.
1:30 P.M. Europe Calling—CBS. Talks from European Capitals.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers—BLUE. Dr. Paul Scherer.
4:30 P.M. The World is Yours—RED. Adventures in the world of science.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—CBS. John Barbirolli conducting. Last broadcast of season, June 5th.
10:30 P.M. Headlines and Rylines—CBS. H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout, and Erwin Canham commenting on the week's news.

MONDAY

- 8:15 A.M. William Meeder—BLUE. Organist, also Wednesdays and Fridays.
11:15 A.M. Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS. Also Tuesdays and Fridays.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. In the Music Room—RED. Semi-classical music.
3:30 P.M. Kate Smith—CBS. Miss Smith in a new role as air-columnist. Also Wednesdays and Fridays.
5:00 P.M. Dear Teacher—CBS. Questions and answers game for children. Also Wednesdays.
5:30 P.M. The Singing Lady—BLUE. Nursery jingles, songs and stories.
5:30 P.M. March of Games—CBS. Entertainment for young children. Also Wednesdays.
7:15 P.M. Music is My Hobby—BLUE. Featuring outstanding professional and business men whose hobby is music.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—BLUE. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington.

TUESDAY

- 8:15 A.M. Dick Leibert—BLUE. Organist and soloists. Also Thursdays and Saturdays.
2:15 P.M. Let's Talk it Over—BLUE. Human interest stories.
2:30 P.M. NBC Music Guild—BLUE. Lesser known compositions of great composers.
3:00 P.M. U. S. Marine Band—BLUE. Capt. Taylor Branson, conductor.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News—RED.
7:30 P.M. Dorothy Thompson—BLUE.
10:45 P.M. Dale Carnegie—RED. Success in living.

WEDNESDAY

- 2:00 P.M. Your Health—RED. Dramatized health talks.
5:45 P.M. Exploring Space—CBS. Series of broadcasts about planets.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America—CBS. Dramatizations of America's past. Don Voorhees' Orchestra.
9:00 P.M. Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra with Grace Moore—CBS.
9:30 P.M. The Word Game—CBS. Quiz on the meanings of words.
10:00 P.M. Choir Symphonette—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done—CBS. Edgar A. Guest and Frankie Master's Orchestra.

THURSDAY

- 6:00 P.M. George R. Holmes—RED. Commentator.
8:00 P.M. The March of Time—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Essays in Music—CBS. Victor Bay and a concert orchestra.
10:30 P.M. Promenade Concert—BLUE. Program of concert type of music.
10:30 P.M. Americans at Work—CBS. Interviews with workers in different industries, and dramatizations of their work.

FRIDAY

- 3:00 P.M. NBC Radio Guild—BLUE. Revivals of plays that have had general acceptance.
5:30 P.M. Music for Fun—CBS. Music for young children, with a concert orchestra directed by Howard Barlow and a child commentator.
8:30 P.M. Death Valley Days—BLUE. True stories of interesting people and events in pioneer days.
9:30 P.M. NBC Spelling Bee—BLUE.
10:45 P.M. Dorothy Thompson—RED.

SATURDAY

- 8:00 A.M. Southernaires—BLUE. Negro male quartet.
9:15 A.M. Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS. Richard Maxwell.
10:00 A.M. The Woman of Tomorrow—BLUE.
12:00 P.M. The Call to Youth—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
6:45 P.M. Religion in the News—RED. Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk.
7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Question Bee—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop—CBS. Experimental radio drama directed by William N. Robson.
9:00 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS. Questions and answers by the Professor.

RADIO NOTES

"Americans at Work," a brainchild of CBS's Adult Education Board, is arranged to give the radio audience a comprehensive and engrossing picture of the nation in all fields of endeavor. Throughout June the program will be broadcast from 10:30 to 11:00 P.M., EDST, each Thursday over the Columbia Network. Radio workers go to the source of the nation's component activities when "Americans at Work" includes interviews with workers on their jobs in factories, restaurants, shops, and homes. The scope of the project is indicated by this month's schedule: June 1, Artist, June 9, Composer, June 16, Bricklayer, June 23, Food Business Executive, June 30, Tool Maker.

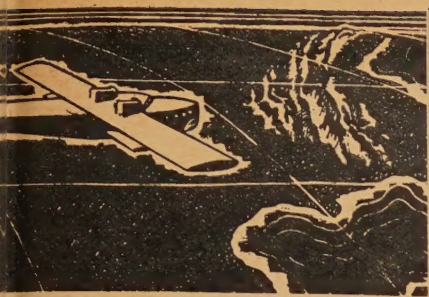
Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick went on the air at the end of May to make way for Dr. Paul Scherer in the radio presentation of "Sunday Vespers" to be heard Sundays, from 4:00 to 4:30 P.M., EDST, over the NBC Blue Network.

Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, editor of "Christian World Facts," announces his June titles in a series of Friday noon talks entitled "At Home in the World" broadcast over the NBC Blue Network from 12:00 to 12:15 P.M., EDST: June 3, Religion Before Christ, June 10, How Worried Shall We Be, June 17, The Orient Changing Step.

A unique new program "The Word Game," will be heard over the WABC Columbia Network each Wednesday, from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M. EDST. The word game contest in which the leader is to be joined by five other persons chosen at random, will have to do not just with the outsidings of words, their spellings and pronunciation, but with their fine shades of meaning, the differences between those which seem almost alike, and their proper usage. As one of the leaders says, "We all of us, like to talk all the time . . . the contest is to see whether we know what we are talking about." Winners of the contests will receive as their prizes copies of Webster's New International Dictionary, unabridged.

"Adventure in Reading," a new series of dramatized educational programs planned to emphasize, for school groups, the fun in finding worthwhile books, will be presented through June over the NBC Blue Network Mondays from 2:00 to 2:30 P.M., EDST. These dramas are to be written by Helen Walpole, dramatic actress, and Margaret Leaf, formerly head of the Children's Department of Brechtano's. The subjects are to be based on the lives of contemporary authors, chosen from the reading lists for Junior High Schools. The sketches will be written with the view of encouraging good reading habits in students and at the same time entertain both young and old.

In May the Rev. Dr. William Hanzsch known for the past three years over the NBC Coast to Coast Airways as "The Trailfinder" was the speaker on a special series of broadcasts commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the heartwarming experience of John Wesley. Wesley Hymns were sung during the programs designed to bring to modern America the evangelistic message for our day.



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

A Word to Pessimists

IT IS a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not for a lifetime of most men who read this—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable. In our own country there is universal prostration and panic. . . . In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, like a cloud, dark and silent, upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influence of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly disturbed relations in China. . . . Of our own troubles" (in the U.S.A.) "no one can see the end. . . ."

No, that is not from yesterday's edition of a conservative daily paper in the good year of our Lord 1938; it is from Harper's Weekly, of October 10, 1857. And the world still wags along, and the U. S. A. is still doing business at the old stand. There is an old story of an elderly man who had carved upon the marble mantelpiece in his library, "I am an old man and have had a great deal of trouble—most of which never happened." And it is literally true that most of the things we worry ourselves about never happen. That is just as true today as ever; and there is no more reason for despair over the future than there was in 1857. Prophets of gloom and disaster we have always with us; but the plain citizens of the world—the men and women who work for their livings—keep on working, their families for the most part keep on eating and wearing clothes; and their boys and girls go to school, play games, enjoy their youth, fall in love, get married, and rear families of their own, despite the worries of their fathers and mothers. And if accosted by some grumbling pessimist who "can't see the doughnut for looking at the hole," the youngster's reply is apt to be, "So what?"

If we could only bring ourselves to see the uselessness of worry! In the homely philosophy of the ancient cotton hand, "If it's gwine to happen,

worryin' aint gwine to stop it. If it aint gwine to happen, there aint nothin' to worry about."

Pessimism, after all, is hardly more than a state of mind. We might do well to heed the cheerful advice of the buoyant youngster, and "forget it." The rains will continue to fall upon our beloved land, the crops will grow, the people will be fed, business will carry on. The words of the famous dictum are still true—"this nation has nothing to fear except fear itself."

Perhaps the best advice we can give a worried citizen is to lay troubles aside for a while and take part in some active outdoor sport. Go to a ball game—baseball is America's great national safety valve. Sit in the grand stand, munch peanuts, cheer for the home team—and see how much better you feel. Or play a round or two of golf; or take a spin on some waterway in a motor boat; or go fishing; or take a good long swim.

Outdoor sports are our surcease from sorrow, at least for a while. And they are a great deal more than that. It is not merely to attract young people to the services that churches today have gymnasiums and encourage athletics; it is because taking part in such sports is a strong force in building the right sort of character. A youngster who keeps himself in condition to play good ball is not going to fall a victim to drink or drugs. Young men and young women who swim and run and play tennis are most unlikely to care for the more hectic and less wholesome life of the night clubs. And the business man who goes often to games is not going to commit suicide over the state of his bank account. The prevalent interest in outdoor sports is one of the healthiest signs in American life.

So—cheer up! America is not going to the dogs. The United States is not going to ruin. Go to a ball game, and forget your pessimism.

And remember—if we are Christians, and trust in God, can we not really *trust* Him? Will He who sees the fall of the tiniest sparrow, not look after His own children? We should be ashamed of ourselves to despair of the future, when it is all in His hands.

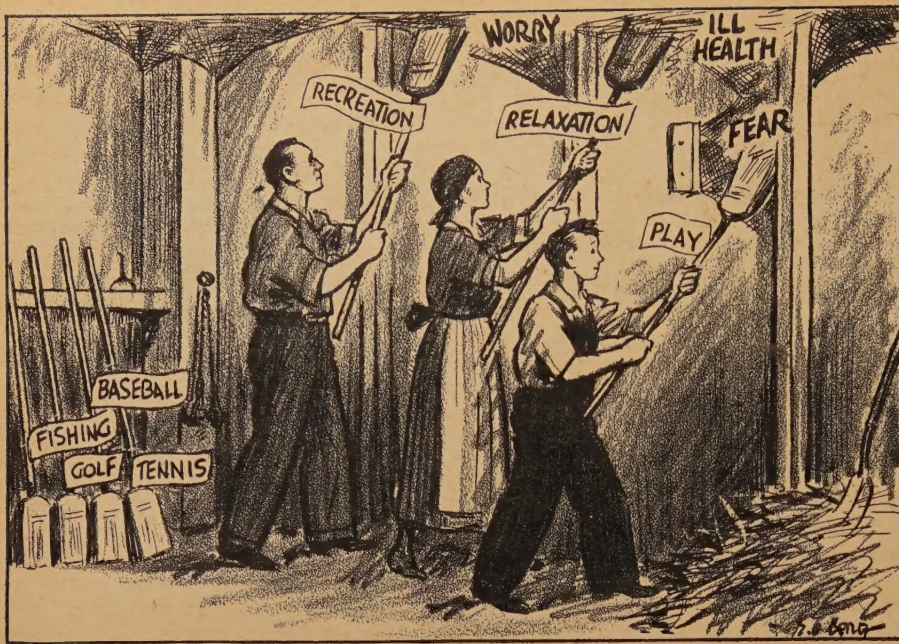
« AT HOME »

WASHINGTON

SPENDING PROGRAM: Probably the "high spot" of recent weeks in Washington is President Roosevelt's plan, submitted to Congress early in April, for renewed government spending for the expressed purpose of promoting business recovery. The plan proposes to wage the

campaign for recovery on three fronts; \$1,250,000,000 for the W.P.A.; release of the "sterilized" gold by the U. S. Treasury, thus putting an additional \$1,400,000,000 into the hands of banks, to be loaned to business (the Federal Reserve Board also lowered its reserve requirements, further releasing funds of the member banks); legislation giving the

R.F.C. authority to lend \$1,500,000,000 to industry, especially small businesses, which are unable to meet the banks' requirements for loans; a new P.W.A. program, financed by an appropriation of \$450,000,000 and loans, without interest, up to \$1,000,000,000, to states and their subdivisions. These are the chief items. Smaller requests were for an additional



SWEEP OUT THE COBWEBS

\$175,000,000 for the Farm Administration; \$75,000,000 for the National Youth Administration; an additional \$50,000,000 for the C.C.C. and \$37,000,000 for flood control.

Of these items, one, the billion and a half for R.F.C. loans, had already been approved by both houses before the message was received, and the proposals for release of sterilized gold and for lowering Federal Reserve requirements require no action by Congress.

The program, while considered certain to pass, is facing a determined fight by conservative members to "earmark" the items, directing just how the money shall be spent instead of leaving it to the discretion of the President and his subordinates.

COMPROMISE TAX BILL: After several days deadlock, the Senate and House conferees on the Tax Bill reached a compromise agreement on the most hotly controversial parts of the bill—namely the Undistributed Profits tax, and the Capital Gains tax. These taxes will not be entirely abolished, as the Senate proposed, but they will be reduced to a mere fraction—about two and one half percent—of the amount prescribed by the present law. As this is written, it seems likely that the compromise will be adopted and sent to the White House within a short time.

NAVY BILL: The "Big Navy Bill," already passed by the House has been before the Senate for some time, as this is written. While it is encountering opposition, its proponents seem certain of its eventual passage. All efforts to amend it, or reduce the amounts appropriated, have so far failed.

Advocates of the Bill, however, received a "jolt" when the venerable Senator Norris, hitherto a firm administration supporter in most of its battles, announced that he would not vote for the Navy Bill.

(Later.) The bill, unamended, passed the Senate May 3 by a large majority. It then went to conference.

TAX EXEMPTION: One proposal advanced by the President on April 23, seems to have met with general approval. That is the plan to end the exemption of state and national securities from Federal taxes. Even Senator Byrd, of Virginia, so often a critic of administration proposals, has said that he would vote for this one. The President contends that Congress has the right now, under the 16th Amendment, to remove the tax exemptions by a simple bill. Senator Byrd has expressed doubt as to the legal right of Congress to take that action, but he states that he will vote for the proposal, and also for the submission of a new Amendment to the Constitution to the same end; then, if the Supreme Court finds the statute unconstitutional, the Amendment will already be on its way, and no time will be lost.

It is estimated that over \$400,000,000 would accrue to the Government if such a law becomes effective.

WAGES AND HOURS AGAIN: Another of the administration's "must" measures, the Wages and Hours Bill, faces no such easy going. A new bill has been introduced into the lower House, so drawn as to remove the objections of some Republican members, and of some large Labor groups; and the passage of the bill is considered certain, this time—IF it is reported out by the Rules Committee, which held it up at the last attempt to pass it. But the fly in that ointment is that the Rules Committee is constituted of exactly the same men as those who stifled it before; and it is most doubtful if they are more ready, in the slightest degree, to report it out. Its advocates assert that some of the recalcitrants will not be found representing their districts after the November elections. That remains to be seen—and it is too early to hazard a guess.

AUSTRIAN SEIZURE OK'D: Faced with a "condition and not a theory," the Administration practiced a little realism of its own, by recognizing the annexation of Austria by Germany. Whatever we

may think of that seizure, our State Department was placed in an almost impossible position by the German-Austrian coup, if we refused to admit the undeniable facts. Our treaties with Austria, our diplomatic and consular relations, our trade agreements, the whole of our relations with Austria as an independent country, came to an instant end when the annexation took place. There was literally nothing else to do but admit the fact as an accomplished fact, and however unpleasant it may have disliked that fact, yet to "grin and bear it."

Meantime, Germany has closed the Austrian Embassy at Washington, and withdrawn the Austrian diplomatic corps.

OVER THE NATION

NEW YORK: 5984 "small business men" swarmed into the offices of the organization receiving applications for business loans under the new R.F.C. lending program, during the first two days after the offices opened. So great has been the demand that the management announced that additional offices and staff would have to be provided. Applications which are plainly unacceptable are rejected at once. Those accepted are sent on to Washington, where they will be reviewed and sifted out before the loans are finally approved. Similar reports are coming in from other sections of the country.

HOUSING: After much delay, the government's Housing and Slum Clearance Program has made a start in New York City. Thirty million dollars have been made available, and ground has been broken on the two giant projects, the R. Hook project, and the Queensbridge project. These two developments will provide decent, low cost housing for 5,000 families—only a drop in the bucket of the great city's needs, but at least a beginning. A private company has also announced a giant housing project of its own in the upper Bronx.

HYMN STORIES IN BRAILLE: The well known book, "Stories of the Hymns We Love," is now being transcribed in Braille by Mrs. Fred Wellman, of Houston, Texas, and will soon be ready for distribution through the Library of Congress to blind people desiring it. The idea originated from the constant demand upon the Congressional Library for such a book.

GEORGIA: The little city of Grifton passed an ordinance requiring distribution of religious circulars and pamphlets to procure city licenses. The ordinance was directed at the sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses. One of their number defied the ordinance, and was sentenced to fifteen days in jail. That sentence was appealed and finally reached the U. S. Supreme Court. That body, by unanimous decision, declared the ordinance unconstitutional in that it violated the provisions for freedom of religion, and freedom of the press.

MERCHANT MARINE: For the second time, the Maritime Commission rejected a number of bids for constructing fourteen new vessels for the Merchant Marine. This time however, they

and bids for three of the vessels acceptable, and awarded the contract for them to a ship-building firm in Tampa, Florida. The other bids the Commission denounced as "outrageously high," and in rejecting them declared that if they could not get a proper bid in this country, they would award the contracts abroad.

That would be a pity; but this writer hopes that, somehow, some time, the United States will have the merchant ships it so needs, and in fact must have.

PRIZE WINNER: As previously announced in these columns, Arcadia House, publishers, of 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, several months ago offered to the American girl who wrote the best article on "Why I want to go places and see things," a free trip to New York, an all-expense tour through the Caribbean, and some cash. Thousands of entries were received, but Miss Jane Weese, of Kenilworth, Illinois, was awarded the prize by a committee of judges which included Dr. Daniel A. Poling. Miss Weese is twenty-one, and is now a student at the American Academy of Art, in Chicago. She will be accompanied by her sponsor, Mrs. M. S. Nirider, librarian, of Evanston, Ill.

C.C.C. EXPANSION: The Civilian Conservation Corps will operate 1501 camps for another year, following the allotment of additional funds, and the cancellation of plans to curtail the number of men employed. The extra money has been authorized by both houses of Congress. The Director of the C.C.C., in his report, states that the conservation program carried out by his organization has included:

- 1,255,262,000 forest trees planted.
- 64,221 miles of telephone lines erected.
- 41,133 bridges constructed.
- 44,475 major type buildings completed.
- 3,932,720 erosion dams built.
- 2,988,307 acres of forest lands improved.
- 16,722,021 acres cleared of plant diseases and pests.
- 120,310 miles of roads and trails built.
- 4,130,500 man-days spent fighting forest fires.

In addition, under the educational program, more than 65,000 boys have been taught to read and write, nearly 550,000 have been better grounded in common school subjects and more than 250,000 have taken high school courses.

SAN FRANCISCO: Housed in ultra-modern steel bungalows, and employing other "attention-getters," a \$40,000 exhibit of the Christian Business Men's Committee will present a "business appeal for Christianity" at the Golden Gate Exposition in 1939. The committee, made up of business men from many creeds, will set up two or three of the new Le Tourneau portable steel dwellings. Mr. Le Tourneau, who is Vice President of the Christian Business Men's Committee, devised this novel house for his factory personnel. It has been hailed as the most modern development in housing. One of the houses will be set up as a model dwelling; another will hold offices for the Committee, and a third will contain a Bible exhibit.

The houses, 32 by 44 feet in size, can be moved on trailers to building lots, where, by means of three hooks in the

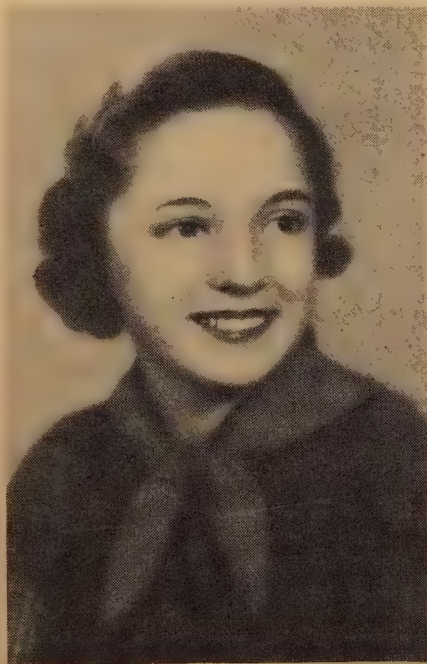
roof, a derrick can lift and lower them to their foundations.

The time may come yet when the camper can fold up his regular dwelling, pack it in the rumble seat, and take it with him on his vacation.

OUR NEIGHBORS

CANADA: The perennial proposal to establish a state lottery in Ontario has been brought forward again, this time with the endorsement of the Premier of Ontario. The proposal is to establish legalized sweepstakes, for charitable and hospital purposes. Proponents of the legislation assert that much money could thereby be kept in Canada which now goes out to other countries, notably Ireland. The plan, however, is bitterly opposed by the Social Service Council of Canada, an interdenominational Protestant group, and by many churchmen.

The same proposal keeps popping up in New York, but fortunately it has made



Courtesy Arcadia House

Miss Jane Weese, of Illinois, who won a Caribbean tour

little progress. Protestant churches, and many Catholics as well, oppose the idea. However, in the Constitutional Convention now in session at Albany, a determined effort is being made to insert a provision in the new State Constitution legalizing lotteries. The outcome at this time is still uncertain.

MEXICO: Whatever differences we may be having with Mexico over oil, they have not affected our trade with that country. The Department of Commerce's report shows that in 1937 the United States sold to Mexico goods worth \$109,000,000, or 43.9 per cent more than in 1936. Other countries on this hemisphere which also bought more from us were Argentina, with increased purchases of 65.5 per cent; Cuba, with 36.9 per cent, and Brazil, with 40 per cent increases, respectively. Mexico is now our sixth best customer in the entire world, Argentina the eighth, and Brazil the fifteenth.

A B R O A D

ENGLAND: Far-reaching in its actual and potential effects upon the future of all Europe is the Anglo-Italian agreement, brought to a harmonious conclusion by Count Ciano and the British Ambassador, Lord Perth. All the issues which have been disturbing the two great nations have, at least on the surface, been satisfactorily settled by this epochal document. The two countries recognize each other's special rights in the Mediterranean—those of Italy being "vital," those of Britain "essential"—and such words are not used carelessly. There are to be no more fortified bases in that area without mutual consent. Freedom of movement through Suez is assured to all nations. Italy will cut her garrison in Libya by a half. She will also withdraw her troops from Spain, if not now, "at least at the end of the war." And England grants virtual recognition of Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.

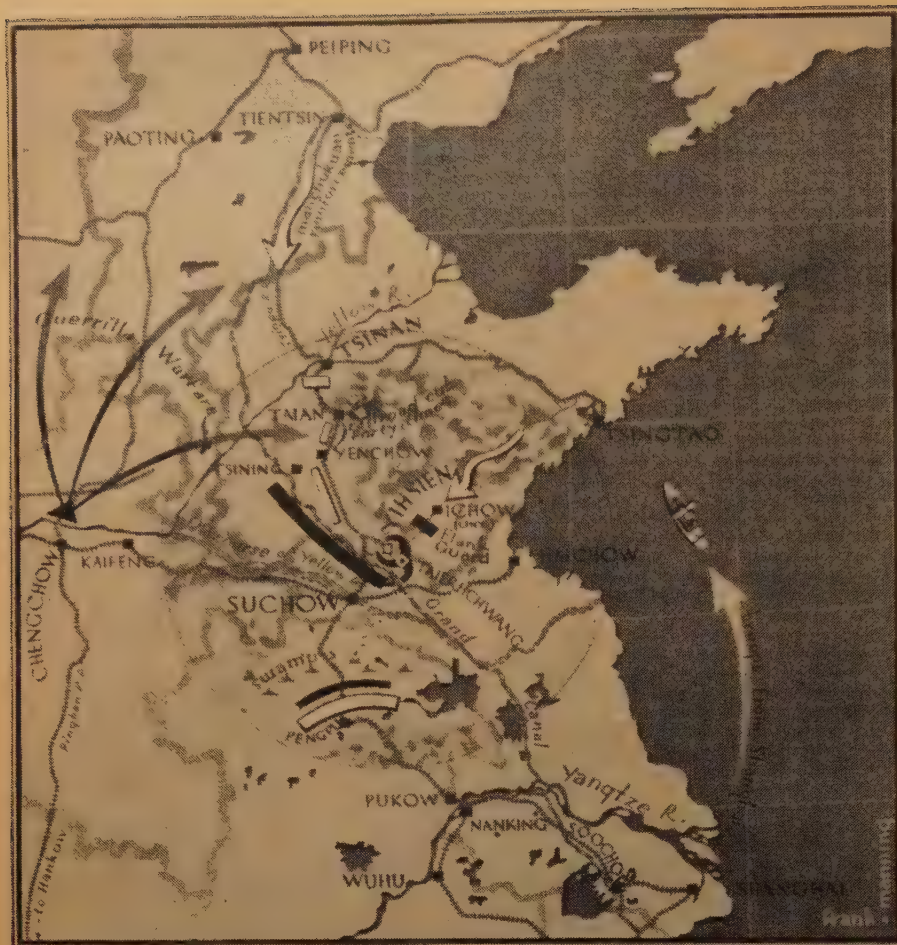
PITY THE BRITISH TAXPAYER: British citizenry received with a "shock" the news that the British budget for the fiscal year would be over \$5,000,000,000, with a strong possibility that more would be required. The country is going firmly ahead with its immense rearmament program, and the burden falls upon the taxpayers—as it always does. In consequence, the basic income tax rate was raised from 25 to 27½ per cent—think of that, ye Americans who grumble over our modest rate of four per cent!—and the tax on gasoline was "boosted" from 16 to 18 cents per gallon—about what an American pays for a gallon of gas, tax included.

IRELAND'S PROTESTANT PRESIDENT

—At its first presidential election, Eire—better known as Ireland—elected 78-year old Dr. Douglas Hyde as president. The remarkable thing about that is that Dr. Hyde is a Protestant, although Eire is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. He is the son of a Protestant clergyman; yet his selection met with universal approval, Dr. Hyde is loved by the Irish people for his "tolerance, his wisdom, and his good humor." He was the personal choice of Prime Minister De Valera.

ITALY: The Anglo-Italian agreement was delightedly received in Italy, but the real event of the year, to the masses, was the visit of Chancellor Adolf Hitler. Immense preparations were made for the visit. In Rome, Il Duce even caused a special railway station to be constructed for Herr Hitler and his party—as a compliment, of course, but, we suspect, also as a precaution. Matters of great import were undoubtedly discussed at this historic meeting. It has been hinted that Hitler is a little disturbed over the harmonious accord reached between Il Duce and England, and desires to counteract any throw-back of that agreement which he suspects will be to his disadvantage.

FRANCE: As announced last month, M. Daladier undertook the formidable task of forming a cabinet that would stay in office more than two weeks, and of straightening out the country's finances.



This excellent map shows the area of the recent fighting in China, north and south of the Lung Hai railway. The heavy black lines show how the Chinese are encircling the invading troops.

By the overwhelming vote of 508 to 12, he was given dictatorial powers for three months. He immediately set to work to settle the sit-down strikes which had halted industry. He next called in leaders and discussed measures to restore and stabilize the value of the franc; what those measures will be he will announce "soon," but M. Daladier has said that he will raise 35,000,000,000 francs, by loans and taxation for national defense and to strengthen France's finances. Next, he sent a commission to England, to smooth out matters and strengthen the understanding between the two countries. These have already produced some agreeable results. Next he will also strive for an agreement with Italy, similar to England's; but the "talks" with that end in view were postponed until after the visit of Adolf Hitler to Rome.

Early in May, M. Daladier announced his tax program, and also a new devaluation of the franc.

ROYAL WEDDING: All the romance of which young girls dream—or used to—was involved in the wedding of King Zog of Albania and Countess Apponyi of Hungary. A Princess marries a King, amid the cheers of the loyal peasants, and in as romantic a mountain setting as there is in the world! What could be more heart-satisfying than that? In addition, the Countess is beautiful, really so; and she is half American, since her father, Count Apponyi of Hungary, married Miss Stewart of Baltimore. Who says there is no romance left in this old world?

CHINA: The war has apparently turned against the Japanese the past few weeks, since the Chinese launched an attack whose strength and effectiveness have astonished the world—and unpleasantly shocked Japan. At Taierschwang, along the Yellow River, Japan in April suffered the first disastrous defeat in her history. Her army in Shantung Province, was trapped and all but annihilated. Chinese soldiers drove the Japanese out of many other places occupied in recent months, and the defeat, for a time, took on the proportions of a rout. Japan at once took steps to increase her forces in China greatly, and huge numbers of men, as well as vast stores of ammunition, guns and supplies were rushed across. The Chinese forces, at this writing, have halted the new offense, driven the enemy back 18 miles, inflicting terrible losses; and Japan apparently faces a new disaster.

To those of you who, like this writer, have difficulty in deciding "whether the names we read are those of Chinese cities or Japanese Generals," the map on this page will be enlightening. The field of the fighting in recent weeks is clearly shown.

JAPAN: While keeping up her show of brave front, Japan has unquestionably received the severest blow in her history. What was expected to be a mere holiday adventure, resulting in easy conquest, has turned out to be a terribly difficult task, and even the eventual victory is by no means certain. Japanese prestige has suffered an irreparable blow; and if more

defeats follow—as they very well may—there may be actual revolution in the country. There probably would be even now, were the masses of the Japanese able to learn what is really happening in China; but of course they get no such information, and the crisis may be staved off a while longer, in the expectation of a smashing victory which would restore Japan's morale. But if defeat comes instead, there is no predicting what may happen in Nippon.

TEMPERANCE

NO GETTING AROUND THIS: Dr. W.

R. Miles, of Yale University, has concluded some convincing experiments showing the actual effects of alcohol upon various common activities. In so simple a matter as typing, for instance, he found that two hours after a small shot of whiskey the subject's speed decreased only two per cent—but the mistakes he made increased thirty-nine per cent. When he increased the drink by fifty per cent the speed decreased four per cent, but the mistakes increased seventy-two per cent. In short, when you give the drinker something complicated to do which calls for use of all his faculties, he does poor work no matter how sober he thinks he is. Q.E.D.

THAT POLICE TEST: In New York

recently a bus driver on a holiday was arrested just before daybreak one morning after a wild chase by a police patrol car. He had taken an ambulance from in front of a hospital and was careering southward on Tenth Avenue, with the gong going frantically. His explanation was that he wanted to take home a friend who didn't have taxi fare. And he passed the regulation police sobriety test in the station house before being locked up! Exhaustive experiments by two doctors in a Philadelphia hospital throw further light upon those "tests." They spent hours with each subject, after taking him out on a secluded highway, where they put him through the list of real tests, feeding him liquor periodically and noting his reactions. And every one of the subjects made important driving errors, such as stepping on the gas accidentally, jamming on the brakes for no reason, wandering off the road, and the like. And every one, with one exception, passed the standard police sobriety tests!

Moral—don't be too sure you are sober even if the police say you are.

CONSIDER VIRGINIA: The Old Dominion

has a good system of state supported colleges and public schools. Also it is by no means the worst in the matter of using liquor. The per capita consumption in New York, for instance, is more than three times as great as that in Virginia. Nevertheless, for the fiscal year ending June, 1936, the state of Virginia spent for William and Mary College, four teachers' colleges, the University of Virginia, and all its grade and high schools the sum of \$7,942,446.50. During the same year the state spent for beer, wine, whiskey and other alcoholic drinks the sum of \$26,159,515.89.

VEST POCKET TEMPERANCE ENCYCLOPEDIA:

A small booklet, of only forty-six pages, bearing the title "The Physiological and Psychological Effects of Alcohol and Their Social Consequences," is a veritable mine of authoritative information concerning drink and all its works. The booklet was prepared by a registered nurse of New York City, Mary Lewis Reed. As she states, "since beverage alcohol is the major narcotic problem in the world today, particularly affecting the public health in every community, a group of registered nurses representing 287,000 women who have chosen this field of helpfulness to suffering humanity could best serve others by studying the scientific truth on the subject and . . . putting our belief into practice by constant education on this point." The booklet is in the nature of a symposium, to which a number of authorities have contributed, and the whole is a complete compendium of accurate information for temperance workers and teachers everywhere.

CHURCH NEWS**SOUTHERN METHODISTS SPLIT?:**

As expected, the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, meeting at Birmingham, Alabama, ratified the proposed merger with the other branches of Methodism by the one-sided vote of 434 to 26. Opponents of the merger, however, led by bishops Collins Denny and Warren A.andler, both retired, declared that the new membership would show a very much greater number opposed to the consolidation. Estimates were made that as many as 500,000 members would resist the merger. Action will probably be taken in the courts, and if that fails there will, the opponents declare, still be a Southern Methodist Church.

The Southern Church left the parent body in 1844, over the slavery question.

PRESBYTERIANS: The 150th anniversary of the founding of the first Presbyterian General Assembly in America will be celebrated in Philadelphia, May 24 to June 1, by the Sesquicentennial General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.—frequently termed the Northern Presbyterian Church. It is predicted that this unusual Assembly will attract twice as many thousands of church men and women as the annual gathering has drawn for many years. Plans provide for dramatizing the history of the denomination in America, and also for throwing light on the strength and weaknesses of the Church in 1938.

It is notable that in 1788, when the denomination organized its first national General Assembly, it had 177 ministers and about 18,000 members; in 1938 it reports 9,000 ministers and over 2,000,000 members.

MENNONITES: Driven from their homes in the Midwest by the droughts of recent years, and by other forces, a new colony of Mennonites is preparing to move to Pennsylvania, near Meadville. Already fifteen families have settled, mostly on farms in the well-watered region of Conneaut Lake, and many more

are expected. Led by Rev. Eli Kramer, they have selected a site near the lake, and there, this summer, they plan to build a church to seat three hundred.

Drought was not the principal reason for the migration, it is explained. There is a growing shortage of good farm land in Iowa, where they lived; sons of the older settlers are taking over all available acreage. But in Pennsylvania, youths from the farms are turning to industry and much land is left idle. The Mennonites are taking advantage of this condition. Judging by their record for industry and thrift elsewhere, we confidently expect the new colony to be successful.

LUTHERANS: It was in 1638 that two shiploads of Swedish colonists reached the shores of the Delaware River. Because they were members of the state church of Sweden, which is Lutheran, that year marks the establishment of the Lutheran faith in America. Consequently the denomination plans a large number of local celebrations throughout the United States, to observe the anniversary. Perhaps the most elaborate of the ob-



Courtesy New York Bible Society

Some of the thousands of Bibles donated by the New York Bible Society to the hotels of the great city—enough to supply a Bible to every room in all the hotels

servances will be held on June 28, when thousands of representatives from all over the nation will gather in Philadelphia. Among the distinguished guests on that occasion will be the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Gustav Adolph, and the Crown Princess Louise. Finland is also sending a delegation, including the Speaker of the Finnish Parliament, Mr. Hokila, and the Foreign Minister, Mr. Holsti. The program will be broadcast over a nation-wide hookup.

METHODISTS: A committee of the United Methodist Council in Chicago has just released a report setting forth, clearly and vigorously, as becomes the spirit of this evangelical Church, their aims for the immediate future. The objectives are: the release of America from the licensed liquor traffic, the defeat of the gambling evil, the organization of economic justice, the abolition of race prejudice and discrimination, and the building of a warless world. The Committee says: "Concern-

ing these great objectives the Methodist Church has often spoken positively. What we need now is not a new statement, but a new enlistment. To this Holy Crusade we summon all the people called Methodists."

BAPTISTS: Amid their drive for completion of the fund they have been diligently raising, Baptists of the United States are troubled over the plight of their brethren in Rumania. Many instances have been reported of interference with Baptist churches in that country on the part of local authorities. The trouble arises from the lack of a clear definition of the statutes and rights of Baptists. It is hard for the authorities of a country like Rumania to understand that the Baptists are autonomous, no foreign body exercising any authority over them; their connection with the world fellowship of Baptists rests solely upon unity of religious outlook. A very strong nationalistic feeling prevails in Rumania, and coupled with this is an inclination to regard Orthodoxy as essential to a good Rumanian. Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, secretary of the World Baptist Alliance, will come to the United States in a few weeks, to report upon conditions among Rumanian Baptists, and his report will be followed by such steps as seem advisable to relieve the condition of the brethren in Rumania.

"GOD'S ACRES": John Mullins, a Methodist layman of Corwith, Iowa, has offered to supply enough high-grade seed corn to plant 800 "God's Acres" as a means of raising the mortgages on many debt-burdened Methodist churches in Iowa. His plan is for each farmer-member of Methodist churches in six north-west counties to set aside one such acre, the crop from that acre to be given to the fund for raising the debts. Total value of the returns from the plan, should it be fully taken advantage of, would be about \$30,000. The seed corn is to be distributed in seven-pound packages, enough to plant one acre.

QUAKERS: The American Friends' Service Committee is assisting in working out plans for international action for Central European refugees. "The increasing difficulties for Jews, Pacifists and Liberals, in Poland, Rumania and Germany," says the Committee's report, "together with the enormous refugee problem in Spain, have now reached proportions similar to the relief and population movement after the close of the World War. If this is to be met in any adequate way, it will require international action."

In the United States the same Committee is preparing to sponsor six work camps this summer, from June 24-August 10. Conducted by the Committee for young people of college age, the camps are located in areas of tension, conflict or economic readjustment. Work at the camps, which is so managed as not to conflict with existing employment, involves hard physical labor, coupled with study and discussions. Camps this year will be located at Penn-Craft, near Uniontown, Pa.; the Tennessee Valley; Flint, Michigan; Monteagle, Tennessee; Rochdale, Mississippi; and Los Angeles, California.



The MOSAIC

He who lives the Christ life day by day,
Unknowingly creates a wonder-thing;
A beautiful mosaic, a bouquet
Of jewels set in gold, an offering
To place within God's hands when life is done:
A brave resplendent thing of light and shade,
Each little priceless jewel, one by one,
In a design that life itself had made.

And God will note the lovely inset gems,
Will mark the glowing rubies that were prayers,
The amethysts of patience, the clear stems
Of jade, where courage had outlived despairs,
The diamonds that were faith, the topaz light
Of hope that shone across the darkest days,
And surely He will take that little bright
Mosaic to his heart with words of praise.

By Grace Noll Crowell

June

1938



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Street scene
in Jerusalem, showing
the sidewalk vendors, and
the tiny cubby-hole shops



Underwood Photo

Four Men in PALESTINE

By FRANK
S. MEAD

I MET three men in Jerusalem, and one in Tel-Aviv, and I learned from them what it means to live on the brink of hell and to face death every day. They were Ali and Hassan, who are Arabs, Josef who is a Jew and Tommy, a British soldier. These are not their names. If I gave you their real names, they might be dead or in jail within twenty-four hours.

Ali I met with the help of a mutual friend, in the deep shadows under the Jaffa Gate. His eyes burned holes in the dark. He stood with his back against the wall, defensively, the burning eyes and the quick, shifty hand constantly moving, always alert. When a Jew passed on the other side of the street he snarled. When we approached his hand flew beneath his robe.

Our mutual friend said hurriedly, "An American, Ali!"

"Oh," said Ali. "Pardon, One never

knows. You are a fool, American. No one is safe in this street after dark. Why are you here?"

"Just to see what's going on."

"Well," sighed Ali, "much goes on. Every day, every night, much happens here that you never read about in your newspapers. Men die, on unknown knives, or by a bullet fired from the dark. Men are spirited away, and are never seen again. The end is not yet. It is but the beginning. Thousands more, tens of thousands more, will die. I, Ali, am ready to die. I long to die."

"You long to die?"

"Of course. We who are Moslems love death in battle for Allah, for it means that Allah will immediately transport us—immediately, American—to a heaven a thousand times better than this earth can ever be. Is it not good?"

Remember that. Death is precious to the Arab, and not horrible. Death means more to him than life. It is not so with those who fight him in Palestine today. The Jew and the Christian are in love with life, and they hesitate to die. But for Allah and homeland, the Arab Moslem will throw himself with screaming glee on the murderous knives of his enemy. Live

or die there, he cannot possibly lose! We asked Ali: "Do all Arabs feel that way?"

"Almost all. There are nearly a million Arabs in the Holy Land. Two-thirds of them are—what do you call them—extremists? Zealots. Patriots. The other one-third are moderates, or cowards, or traitors. Most of them sell their land or houses to the Jews; they kneel to the British; they are fools, pigs, snakes. We who are true to the faith do this to them. Pah!" He spat fiercely against a wall. "Often we kill them. They die bleating, like the sheep in the market at the Damascus Gate. Pah!"

"But why?" we asked. "There's room for all of you. Can't you divide the land, and live in peace?"

"It is impossible, my friend. There is not room for all of us here. Look at this land. Most of it is only rock. Mile after mile is barren ground. Only a little of it is fit for crops. Our fathers have torn a scant living out of it for centuries, and today nine-tenths of us live on five cents a day! Have you seen the peasants eat? It is a miserable diet of millet and barley and water; a piece of meat is as precious here as a cup of water in the desert. We

walk miles for a shoulder-load of sticks, to build a fire. We are weeks, months raising a little garden or a few sheep; when the time comes we pack the vegetables or the mutton on our shoulders or on our heads and walk the long miles into town and sell them for a pittance. We have not enough for ourselves, and never have had. And now come these thousands of Jews. How shall they live, on such a land? Where shall they find a market for their wares, among such peasants as these? Think well, my friend, when you hear talk of 'A National Home for the Jews!'"

He is right about this. Palestine, today, produces its own food and necessities for three months out of every twelve; this means that for the other nine months they must import the grain and fruit and meat they eat and the clothes they put on their backs. (Second-hand clothes from Europe find a good market here.) Where does the money come from, to pay for this importation? From Europe. Palestine at the moment is a charitable ward of Europe.

So the chief argument of Ali the Arab is economic. It is not religious. His fathers and the fathers of the modern Jewish immigrant lived side by side for generations, and never fought. But the Jew of the "National Home" era is different. He comes from Berlin, Moscow, Prague, even New York. He is radical, Communist, Bolshevik, Left Wing, with a faith in violence as a method learned from Lenin, and a distrust of the efficacy of the Wailing Wall.

"We will fight," said Ali. "Fight this immigrant until the last of us is dead. We will never give up, for we know in our hearts that the Great Mufti is the Sword of the Faith. Allah is with us!"

The Great Mufti. He is the exiled terrorist leader of the extremist Arab faction whom the British tried so hard to catch and hang. They missed him. He hid in the dark recesses of the Mosque of Omar, where no white man's foot has ever trod, and one night he escaped. He hovers the borders of Palestine now, a grim ghost of a fugitive, recruiting fellow-fanatics in Syria and Trans-Jordania and smuggling them across the line into the Holy Land. By night, they cross the border, their white robes moving like phantoms in the moonlight. Thousands of them have already crossed, in spite of vigilance of military and police. Thousands of them are Druses from Syrian Damascus, and there is no fiercer warrior in the world than a Druse. Ask the French, who fought them in Syria. They will fight long, like guerrillas, like bandits, wherever they feel they have a "holy" cause. They will snipe at Hebrew and at Tommy Atkins as the Chinese will snipe at the Japanese, for fifty, a hundred, two hundred years. Long will there be weeping and wailing and sudden death at midnight in the land of Jesus Christ.

So much for Ali.

Josef is of Tel-Aviv. He is twenty-two. He bears on his body the scars of the Nazi terror; he believes in violence though he has suffered from it. He smuggled his way out of Hamburg to London, and on to Tel-Aviv. He also knows Hester Street, New York, and the ghettos of the Continent.



Above, street scene in Hebron, the home of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Right, general view of Hebron, with olive grove just outside the town. Below, a Bedouin camp, with Bedouins making mats, from which they build their dwellings. On facing page, a scene which travelers may see in any town in Palestine—beggars sitting along the street, as they did in the time of Christ.



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© Pathe

Josef's city of refuge in Palestine is something to look at. Tel-Aviv! The accomplishment supreme of the Zionists. Just after the Great War it was still a sand hill, the home of jackals and sand snakes and roaming Bedouins. Today it is a city of one hundred and fifty thousand souls. We drove into it at noon. Wide, clean, well-paved streets. Modern, brilliant shops. Well-dressed men, women, children. Not an Arab in sight. We craned our necks and looked up at high buildings on both sides of the street, buildings of ultra-modern architecture and design. A city that came into being overnight, with all the gilt and gadgets of the golden West.

Yet we could not help but note that there were already cracks in the stucco of the modernistic balconies. Corners of some buildings sagged. A tiny hole in a

known out here as The Orphan Asylum."

"Orphan Asylum?"

"Yes. I mean that we're supported lock stock and barrel by money from America and Europe. We are not self-supporting, and never were. There are Jewish colonies twenty and thirty years old in Palestine, and they are not self-supporting yet, and from the way things are going, I doubt if they ever will be. We just can't do it, and if the money stops coming in from overseas, we will be left stranded, like a lot of babies in a desert. Then what?"

"But Tel-Aviv looks prosperous. These buildings—"

"Yes, we look prosperous. But we have a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back to this town. You saw the front, which all tourists see; you haven't seen the back,

window here, that no one seemed to have the energy to repair: a sure symptom of decay we see in a broken flag pole atop a shop. When men lose interest in flying their colors, something is wrong. We asked one another if this Tel-Aviv might not be like some of those overnight "residential" developments in the States: built cheaply and flashily to sell in a hurry and decay at leisure. We stepped into a store to buy some postcards, and Josef stepped up to serve us.

"Hello, New York." He spoke perfect English.

We bristled. "How do you know we're from New York?"

"Your hat. And the way you swing that cane. Like you owned the earth, and had a mortgage on the rest. I suppose you've come to buy Tel-Aviv?"

"Maybe," we parried. "Will you sell?"

"And how!" he flashed back. The answer was so swift that it left us staring. Josef laughed.

"Most of us will sell in Tel-Aviv. We're afraid."

"Of the Arabs?"

"No. Afraid of our friends. Afraid of what's going to happen to us when our friends in America get tired of supporting us. Tel-Aviv is also

the slums, the poor sections. You might not call them slums, but they are where the poor live, and believe me, we have plenty of poor in Tel-Aviv. We reckon our business failures not by the hundred but by the *thousand* here. There are thirty thousand people out of work in Tel-Aviv, out of a population of 150,000, or less. That's nothing to what it will be, soon. The orange crop is being picked and shipped right now, but when that's over Ye gods, already we're having a labor demonstration every other day. It's almost as bad as 1926."

"1926?"

"We had a reign of terror then. It was the unemployed. They were so many, and so hungry. We had hunger-marches every day, fights and killings every night. Mainly, they attacked the homes of the few wealthy men we have in Tel-Aviv; they blamed the rich for all their troubles, of course. We can't forget 1926; we're scared that it may happen all over again, after the oranges are in. We don't seem able to protect ourselves against it."

We asked about the police, and the local government. He became confidential.

"This is off the record, but the government is no good. Haven't you noticed that we Jews very seldom make good politicians? We are born merchants, not rulers. *We are a faith but not a nation*. I shouldn't say this, but sometimes I doubt that we shall ever be able to set up a State of our own and rule it. We have been so scattered, you see."

I looked at Josef and saw in his eyes the accumulated pain of centuries of persecution; the agony of the driven and the hounded; the pitiful inability of a great people that had been kept on the run so long that they had forgotten how to settle down. A faith, but not a nation!

"The only hope we have," he went on, "is in the British. If they stay by us, we're safe. If they ever desert us—" He left the sentence unfinished.

"How many Jews in Palestine, Josef?"

"Four hundred thousand, against a million Arabs. We form twenty-two per cent of the population, and every last one of us is praying that the British will stay on. They—"

He couldn't finish this sentence either. Two Tel-Aviv policemen stepped into the shop. Josef looked at us helplessly, shrugging his shoulders. We knew. It is dangerous to discuss politics in Tel-Aviv. We left him.

"So long," said Josef. "See you some day in New York, maybe. Just maybe."


And Tommy? Tommy was gloriously British, with that delightful accent and those typical British tweeds. An officer, off duty. Once he had been in Parliament, a member of "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition." He said he always disagreed with the government on general principles, but he was British, and loyal to the core. Unlike Ali and Josef, he had no Cause, no axe to grind here among the Holy Land stones. He had only a job to do, for His Majesty.

"It's a job we don't like," he began, as we sat in the lobby of the Fast Hotel. "It was wished on us. We've offered to hand it over to nearly everybody, but everybody turns it down, cold. It's a mess."

"Then why," we asked, "don't you just quit it?"

(Continued on page 46)

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

 MY FRIEND, the Marrying Parson, had dinner with me a few nights ago. I call him the Marrying Parson because he has so many hundreds of times tied the knot that links two people together in holy wedlock . . . His parish is a large one in a middle western state—its boundaries circle a goodly number of square miles. I think it is this width of actual horizon that—in part, at least—lends such a breadth to the man's mental and spiritual horizon. When he comes East and pauses briefly to visit me, I invariably feel strengthened and enriched by his presence, and for months following his departure I dwell in the afterglow of his benediction.

The Marrying Parson is always expansive—especially so when he has just consumed a good dinner. He becomes full of anecdote and theory—even as he becomes full of food! He recounts amusing incidents with a rich chuckle. There is a sob in his voice when he tells stories of tragedy. But it is when he starts talking on his favorite subject—marriage—that he is a veritable mine of information. A prominent editor once said, in my presence, that the Marrying Parson should run a correspondence course for brides and grooms!

It was only a few nights ago—and June was in the offing—when the visitor from the middle west sat at my board and lent it grace. (The Marrying Parson is never away from home in June because that is his key month, of the whole year!) As he appreciatively munched his lemon chiffon pie, he peered at me over his spectacles and said,

"This sort of dessert could make a success out of almost any marriage!"

I laughed. "Then," I queried, "you stick to the old theory that food plays an important part in married happiness?"

The Marrying Parson was suddenly serious.

"Indeed, it does," he told me. "It's difficult to keep a marriage alive on a diet of soggy biscuits and burned-to-a-crisp beefsteak. Brides-to-be should take cooking lessons—and grooms-to-be should take lessons in appreciation."

I laughed again. "Would you say that bad cooking is the worst danger that can beset a marriage?" I asked.

The Marrying Parson was still serious. "No," he said, "I wouldn't. Bad cooking is a grave fault—but it's not important enough to start a young couple on the road to Reno!" He sighed. "To my mind possessiveness is the worst obstacle that a marriage can come up against."

I didn't quite understand. "Possessiveness?" I inquired blankly. "What do you mean?"

The Marrying Parson glanced wistfully down at his empty plate and a beaming smile overspread his features as I lifted my pie server and held it poised above the remains of my cook's lemon chiffon triumph.

"I *will* have another sliver," he said. "Thank you kindly. I need a lot of 'vittles' to carry on through June. It's a hard month for a man in my profession." His smile faded swiftly. "Yes," he said, "possessiveness is the curse of marriage. To my mind it goes right along with intolerance and greed and miserliness—"

I objected. "I suppose I'm old-fashioned," I said, "but I thought that possession was the keynote of marriage. I thought two people married because they wanted to belong to one another."

"So they do," the Marrying Parson agreed, "so they do. But belonging to one another and being possessive are gray horses of entirely different colors."

I said, "I must be getting stupid in my old age, but do go into details. I'm interested and I must admit that I'm puzzled."

The Marrying Parson reached for his second helping of pie and consumed a forkful before he spoke.

"Wanting to belong to one another," he said, "is the natural reaction of two young people who care deeply. Possessiveness is something else again. When you love someone you want to share him with your friends—you want your love to be a community landmark . . . That's because real love is sure of itself—and doesn't go looking for trouble. But possessiveness. . . ." He paused and then, "possessiveness," he said, "is owning some-

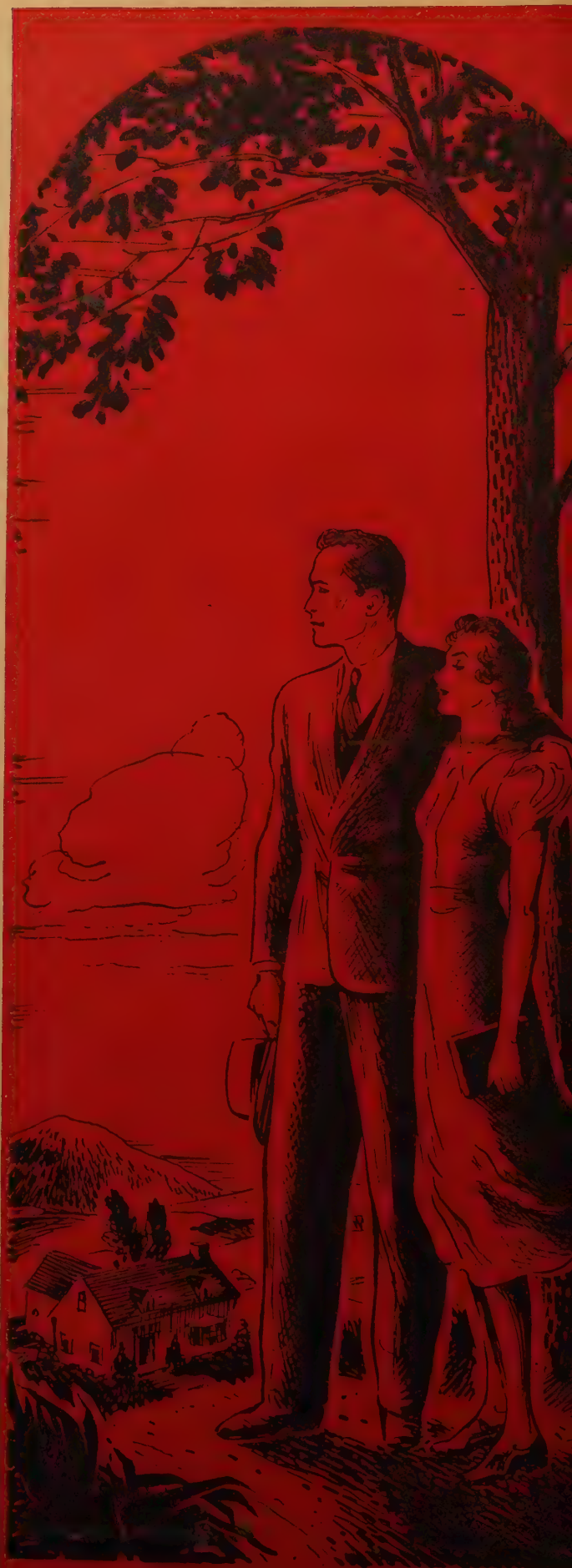


Illustration by DOROTHY GREEN

The word "MINE"~

Wanting to belong to one another is the natural reaction of two young people who are deeply. Possessiveness is something we see again. When you love someone you want to share him with your friends. That's because real love is sure of itself. But possessiveness



ing in such a fiercely selfish way that you don't want to share. I've known people who actually abused possessions because they gave them a sense of power . . . As an example, take this table at which I'm seated. It's nice old mahogany and it belongs to you—doesn't it?"

I admitted the ownership of the table and added that it had so belonged to my grandmother.

The Marrying Parson nodded thoughtfully and went on.

"Well," he said, "you love this table and you polish it and you take good care of it and you invite travelers from afar—like yourself—to enjoy it with you. But if you were merely possessive, because it is a fine table and your own, you might take one of two courses. You might shut the table away in a room so that nobody else could see it, or you might take a distorted pleasure in damaging it before guests. For instance, if you drew that pie server across the table and left a deep scratch, nobody would have a right to do or say anything—because the table is your personal property . . . Do you follow me?"

I commenced to see the light.

"I begin to follow you," I said. "You mean that some people look upon their husbands or wives as inanimate objects to be shut away or hurt at will. Is that the idea?"

The Marrying Parson said, "Yes—that's it. Marriage is a rare thing and a beautiful thing, even though it happens so often that, by the end of June, I'm repeating the service in my sleep!"

Long after the Marrying Parson had gone his way rejoicing (I hope!), I pondered over the little sermon that he had preached, and I ate his pie. And I found myself agreeing with him, utterly and completely. For when possessiveness walks in the front door, it never a knock or an "if-you-please," love leaves quietly by the back door. Sometimes love lingers for a moment—lingers hopefully—but if possessiveness shows the slightest sign of settling down, it's all over but the shouting. And I might add that there's usually plenty of shouting!

Many a marriage that has begun brilliantly and beautifully, with mutual respect and admiration and even adoration, has simmered down to a burnt-out, sluggish mess of pottage, because the word "mine" has been given too much prominence.

When a man begins to consider that his wife is a piece of personal property—as much a part of the household furniture as the piano and the rugs—the shine has begun to wear from his love and the sparkle has been drained from the marriage vows he made.

When a woman assures herself, with conviction, that the man she married has become an immovable object—like the kitchen sink or the garage—something very important has been lost from their life together.

I know a plain woman who married an extremely good-looking man. The man in question was very much in love with the woman—so much in love, in fact, that she merged completely with all his ideas and ideals. So completely that I doubt if he ever saw her as she really was—men in love are like that! This chap fell in love with the woman's essentially beautiful qualities; with her tolerance, her tenderness, and her unquestionable charm. He didn't care (I doubt if he knew,) that her hair was straight and mouse-colored, and that she was more than a trifle overweight. But he did know that she was a delightful companion, and that her soul was vivid, and that her mind was a veritable treasure house of loveliness.

THE woman was very happy during the weeks of her short engagement—she was as vivid as a candle upon a Christmas tree. And then she married the man and practically on the eve of her marriage she ceased to be happy. She changed, almost in a day, to a different person entirely. Her good nature became suddenly a high-strung narrowness of viewpoint, her charm was all at once strained and self-conscious, and her newly awakened sense of possession blotted out her tenderness—to say nothing of her tolerance.

"I don't blame you for looking at that girl," she'd say when they were in some restaurant or on the street, "she is pretty; but it isn't necessary to stare. After all, you're my husband—don't forget that!" (He wasn't likely to, after a while.)

When they entertained and there was an unattended woman to be taken home, her warning glance would be so embarrassingly obvious that her husband would flush and refrain from being the polite host and offering his escort.

It wasn't long before the man began to realize that he was better looking and more attractive than his wife—her sense of possession had brought that fact home to him. It wasn't much longer before he began to pull against ties that had ceased to be a matter of choice—that had become neither invisible nor pleasant. He didn't go roving—he wasn't interested in that sort of thing—but he did begin to hate coming home. Finally, he ceased coming home—and soon there was a separation . . . And the woman was left to nurse a heart that she herself had broken.


Men, at times, display a marked sense of possessiveness, but this crowning fault—and I say so with real shrinking and regret—is more apt to be on the woman's side. Perhaps it is because, even in this age of feminine emancipation, women are still the housekeepers and the mothers, and men are still—in theory, at least—the providers. A man goes out daily into a world that is open and free and alluring—from the viewpoint of the average wife. He meets other women in his line of duty—in offices and banks and stores. The fact that the man is usually working so hard that the world is neither free nor alluring, doesn't often come into the wife's mental picture. The fact that the women are also working hard, (they have to, with jobs as scarce as hen's teeth!) doesn't alter the case. The wife has built up an inhibition—one that we may advisedly call an inferiority complex. Her instinctive reaction is to hold fast to her man—her possession—just as it is a child's one idea to snatch a doll to its breast and protect it from the ruthless onslaught of outsiders. I have seen any number of toys crushed by children in a struggle between the logical owner and someone who just happened along. I have seen more than one marriage shattered through a similar struggle.

THE wise wife (or husband) realizes that the easiest way to keep love is to let it be unshackled. An animal, chained in a yard, longs to break its chains, not because the world outside the yard is more attractive than the world within reach, but because it is prohibited! Love is like an animal—domesticated to the nth degree, but an animal nevertheless. And possessiveness can forge a chain that is depressing and hateful . . .



She Prayed

... that she might become a poet

 A SMALL girl, in her modest home at Inland, Iowa, in childish dreams of the years that awaited her, thought of ways in which she might make people joyous because of something she might do for them. She wanted to make life "glitter" a bit. She never forgot her ambition as her own life unfolded into womanhood and motherhood. And she has achieved her ambition. She has kept her faith.

This one-time little girl is Mrs. Grace Noll Crowell of Dallas, Texas, who has just been chosen by the Golden Rule Foundation Mother's Day Committee to be "The American Mother of 1938."

Mrs. Crowell has done more to make attractive the sometimes drab job of running a home than any other poet in the world. So declares Beatrice Plumb, long-time friend of Mrs. Crowell, who has recently completed a biography of the poet, and whose book is to be published soon by Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Crowell was to arrive in New York

By
James M. Ross



soon after this article was written to be officially invested with her title as "The American Mother" by the Golden Rule Foundation, and to inaugurate the Golden Rule Mother's Week which began Sunday, May 8, under the sponsorship of the Golden Rule Foundation.

"Honors have come thick and fast," Miss Plumb writes, "but Grace Noll Crowell measures her success, not by the poems that have won her coveted prizes or places for themselves in anthologies at home and abroad, but by those that are tacked up above kitchen sinks the country over. That is her accolade."

"From America, Canada, England, Australia; from great apartment houses in

crowded cities, and tiny huts on remote islands; from the proud lady hopeless working for the first time in her own kitchen, and the little general servant toiling in another's—from far and wide letters come, all telling how some simple poem is glorifying the commonplace, transforming the task of washing dishes or 'miles of dirty little hands' into a triumph of dreams instead of drudgery, 'glittering the chore into a ceremony,' continuing Miss Plumb's description of the woman who for the coming year will represent American motherhood and all that it implies.

The little Iowa girl, reared in a farmhouse, "kept house"—and she has always loved housekeeping. She found content in making a home of the kind that comes in dreams to young girlhood. Even in her tender years she began to express herself in verse—and her family laughed. But what family does not smile a trifle when one of its own essays something of their own ken? But Grace persevered.

some good work; then other things along and she laid her pen aside for

she and Norman H. Crowell fell in love. The writing of poetry was forgotten in the living of an epic: they were married, and Grace Crowell had a baby before she wrote again. Norman Crowell worked in a bank, and he wrote poetry—he had once tried to write a poem.

Miss Plumb says. Grace found in her husband a companion who was wholly sympathetic with her ambition—and his poems were bought by editors!

The Crowells decided to live in Iowa, and they moved to a small town near the family homestead. Some of the fittings were inherited by Mrs. Crowell to Miss Plumb: a dress had gone to Des Moines on a wedding trip, and bought a complete outfit of furniture for the fabulous sum of two hundred and forty-eight dollars and thirty cents. I still have the original bill. It was tossed in a wire kettle-cleaner to save the bargain. The carpets were nothing but a good quality of burlap on which a booby had spilled ink. But they looked like velvet there in that first little honey-moon home—under the moon which really was only once."

Miss Plumb quotes Mrs. Crowell further: "Norman is the one man in all the world who could so marvelously have understood me, and so completely have lived my life and my happiness. It is wonderful to me to have had him." The joyous sentiment of the poet there ascends to the scale of the housewife and the devoted mother.

Mrs. Crowell laughed. "I was the good mother. I had laid in twelve quarts of fruit, canned by my landlady. Day after day little Gracie would gaze at that row of red plums on the top shelf in the kitchen and rhapsodize. She always loved a look of canned fruit. When we finally opened the cans, they hadn't been sweetened at all. Not a pinch of sugar ever in them!"

But happiness cannot forever wing its way under the bluebirds, harbingers of good business, as some call them. There came a crisis to the young wife. The Crowells had moved to Minnesota in the meantime, and a small son had arrived—there was a baby now. "For weary months she lay,"

Miss Plumb recites, "waiting for pain to come, for sleep to come, for strength to come. Every fiber of her being ached to be moving swiftly about her business of house-making and mothering. There was nothing she could do, but to wait, and wait."

In her time of suffering "she learned to carry a cross, and lift another." Finally, she sought surcease in writing. She wanted to help her husband, to be his helper. She prayed that she might become a poet. And she did—she poured her soul to the sound of prosaic typewriter keys. Her husband encouraged her; finally he sent one of her poems to a magazine. It was immediately accepted. She hugged the resultant check for five dollars. Truly, life had begun to "glitter" for this stricken young wife.

Time and patience restored Mrs. Crowell to health and hard work at her writing brought success. But her greatest success, her way of thinking, came with her recognition of the duties of homemaking, motherhood. Two more sons came to

the Crowells. There was a family, indeed. The Crowells lived in Sioux City when the two younger boys arrived in their home.

Down to Texas the Crowells traveled in 1917, and there they remain—and Mrs. Crowell is known to more people of the Panhandle State than probably any other resident. The magazines, the book field, the platform, the radio, opened before her triumphant progress as if touched by a magic wand. Prizes for poetry fairly tumbled over themselves to be accepted modestly and rather amazedly, sometimes, by this woman, whom the Texas Legislature chose to be Poet Laureate of all the state's vast expanse.

Yet, primarily, Grace Noll Crowell has remained a home-maker. True, she does not have to look after the "housework," but she can do so if it ever becomes necessary. She and Mr. Crowell brought their three sons to manhood, and each now occupies a responsible position in his field—Dean, a banker; Reid, an artist, and Nor-



Treasure Chests

My mother has two treasure chests,
And side by side they lie,
Their priceless contents are the keys
To many a smile and sigh.

One—a golden jewel box,
Holds lockets, pins and rings,
A necklace made of lovely pearls,
All deeply cherished things.

Beside it is a pasteboard box,
Tied with a ribbon blue,
It holds a precious golden curl,
And one worn baby shoe.

But I've observed as Time leads Mother
Gently through the years,
Gifts bought with gold mean far, far less,
Than those she bought with tears.

Richard Maxwell



ton an instructor in Southern Methodist University.

"I made the cranberry sauce for the Thanksgiving dinner," she wrote Miss Plumb in November, "and the dressing; and feel prouder of the job than if I had written a sonnet." This gracious woman has not forgotten the days when she loved to don an apron—she still likes to do housework. And who wouldn't, with an environment like that of the Crowells?

The family home at 719 Lowell street, Dallas, is a cozy, seven-room bungalow on a quiet thoroughfare. In the front yard are two mimosa trees, a stately magnolia and a dogwood tree, all of which Mrs. Crowell planted.

Mrs. Crowell's sunny heart is expressed by herself in this way:

"That my poems have gone out from my small house on this quiet little street in Dallas and made friends for me, is a constant source of surprise and delight to me.

"I was very young, indeed, when I was set the task of committing a verse of Scripture to memory for each day of the year. I went at the task, understanding little of what I was trying to learn. But I soon came to selecting those verses that held some arresting beauty. The Psalms held an especial appeal for me, those exquisite, adjectiveless songs full of the strength of the vast hills, the peace of green pastures through which the youth, David, wandered during his sheep-tending days.

"I would turn to Isaiah, that great mouthpiece of God, and while I then understood little of his sayings, yet I distinctly heard trumpets blowing, drums beating and the air seemingly filled with invisible wings. There was music, poetry and picture, all so closely allied that I could not tell where one stopped or another began."

It will be seen that Mrs. Crowell renders prose into poetry, too.

This gracious woman, who for the coming year is to be the spokesman for all American mothers, has published 1,900 poems. She has written eight books and numerous songs. She has won so many prizes for her work that she must have to pause now and then to enumerate them. And, withal, she has remained Grace Noll Crowell, housewife and mother—"The American Mother."



Mrs. Crowell arrived in New York on Friday, May 6th. She was besieged in Pennsylvania Station by a horde of eager New York reporters, who at once began to ply her with questions. She met this demanding crowd with smiling poise and the perfect composure and self-possession of the woman who is sure of herself and of the religion in which she so wholly believes. Instead of the newspaper men dominating her, as they so often do in similar cases, she soon had complete control of the situation, and answered their questions quietly, and without hesitation.

"What training do I think mothers should give their children? Why thorough religious training, of course. Where else are our children to get that training except in the home, and who is so well fitted to give it as we mothers? Of course I believe in religious training—I cannot imagine a faithful mother not believing in it, or not attempting to practice it to the very best of her ability.

"And what do I think about drinking and smoking by young people? My answer is just as positive to that question as to the other. I don't believe in it at all. I would not be doing my duty as a Christian mother if I did not try to show my children the wrong and shame of those useless, injurious habits. I tried to do that while my sons were small—and I'm proud to know that I succeeded. A great part of these evils could be avoided if all mothers sincerely and faithfully did the same. After all, no one can possibly overestimate the influence a good mother can exert on her children."

Mrs. Crowell remained in New York for more than a week, during which time she was entertained and honored by the Golden Rule Foundation. Her delightful personality and charm convincingly proved her fitness to be "The American Mother of 1938."



By ALICE BOOTH

IT WAS a sunshiny Saturday afternoon. They sat on their very own bench in the park, close together. Nella's straight little nose and lovely ivory eyelids were all pink with crying.

Bob's big, rough, tweed arm was around her shoulders, and his big, gentle hand went pat-pat-pat. "Don't cry, honey," he implored her. "It'll be all right. I'm sure I can land something right away—maybe even by the first of the month. Mr. Wilson was mighty nice—said he'd do anything he could to help me."

Nella hid her face on his shoulder and cried harder than ever. "Oh, my dear," she sobbed, "you've worked so hard."

Some of their youth had gone into that work. Evenings when the moon was riding high and summer was all about them like a caress. Days when the blue sky was the exact color of the surf they knew was breaking cool and limpid on the sand at Jones Beach. And Bob had stayed on at his grim and dusty office struggling to make a tiny little magazine better and better and better—and succeeding, except that people just simply would not advertise in it. Subscribers kept coming—and the more who came the worse they were off, the business office said.

"I can take it," Bob said. He stopped, swallowed. Two more weeks and Nella would have been in his arms. "If only you don't lose faith in me—don't stop believing in me!"

"I never could," Nella vowed.

Bob's arm tightened and then took up its old soothing, caressing pat. "Don't mind, honey," he begged, and cleared his throat. "It just means waiting a little longer, that's all . . . it'll be even nicer weather . . . and we'll have a little more saved . . . don't you care, sweetheart . . . I'll certainly find something . . . maybe a better job, with enough pay for a little car that you can drive down to meet me every night."

He fixed his own face to look brave and carefree and cheerful and honest—fixed it

to cover his mind that was scared and worried and heartbroken and that somehow didn't believe a word of what he was saying—and lifted Nella's chin and turned it.

"Come on, now," he begged. "Smile and open your big blue eyes and kiss me." And somehow Nella's soft lips twitched into a smile to match his—and she blew her nose, and then reached for her compact, and straightened her hat. And then they kissed—a kiss that somehow still tasted of tears.

"It'll be all right," said Bob as they started up the long path.

"Of course, I know it will," reassured Nella. "I'll try not to be silly."

But they did not know—fortunately they could not know—that it would be nine months, and almost all the money Bob had saved would be gone, before he got another job at exactly half the salary of the old one. A job that paid just enough to keep Bob in his same old room—and his same old clothes, shabbier and shabbier—and left nothing at all to save for the little apartment that had been their dream so long.

The sweetness of Nella's smile grew a little strained in the next year. She hadn't liked making those explanations at the office. She felt as on her naked heart the looks that were exchanged when the marriage was postponed until Christmas, and then until spring, and then until fall.

It was the same with Bob. He knew better than anyone else how he worked—how he tried. Everywhere business was picking up but the breaks were not for him. It seemed as if it *must* be his fault.

And Nella, with a woman's love of home, couldn't forget what they had lost. It wasn't merely the money. They had planned exactly what they would buy as soon as they had a little apartment to put it in. It was their pink dishes that were gone, and Bob's big easy chair, and Nella's little sewing table. It was the shining pots and pans in which Nella would cook marvelous little dinners for them.

Saturday afternoons they had always spent window shopping, but it wasn't fun any more. To really enjoy window shopping you must have money enough to buy any *one* thing you see; then you feel always as if you could buy everything.

The tiny apartment Nella shared with three other girls became smaller and smaller and noisier and noisier. Their only refuge was Bob's big shabby old room in a down-at-heel boarding house where Nella came for tea and sat by his open fire—with the door left open for propriety's sake—looking out at the branches swaying among the clothes lines in the back yard, and trying to pretend

that they were married after all, and this was the spic and span little they had planned so lovingly.

It was harder to be cheerful a months went on. There was another at both their offices. Twice they quarreled—just because they loved other so much and life kept them

But one Saturday there was an customary lilt in Nella's voice when called Bob just before one o'clock. "Not going to meet you today," she said. "You come up and meet me. . . . T something I want to show you—in a dow. . . . No, it's something we looked at before. . . . Wait and see."

She was smiling, when she met him in the hall—Bob had not known until then how few her smiles had been in last year. And her step was light as an unaccustomed spring as they trod down the street together, one block then another and another.

"Here it is," she gloated and drew him over to a window of the little Shop where they had often snooped bargains, and where they had bought a lamp—only, when they looked at it it was cracked. "Here—just did you ever see anything so lovely?"

Even to Bob's untrained eyes it was lovely—a white satin wedding dress low with age, soft ivory like an old carving, with pointed train and a skirt below a shirred, tight-waisted bodice filmed with a miraculous tracery of pearls. Below it, pointed exactly as pointed in the demure seventies, a pair of white satin slippers, matching exactly, even as to the tiny orange-brown pattern traced in pearls.

"Whose do you suppose it could be?" said Nella, clinging tight to his sleeve. "Let's go in and ask—come on!"

And in they went—but no one was there except that it had been broken in by one of the members of the family and she was not there that afternoon.

"May we see it?" begged Nella. "Not—" she assured honestly, "that's going to buy it, you understand—but so quaint and dear."

The woman smiled—and compromised by leaving the dress where it was, reaching over for the shoes, which were placed on the worn old counter.

"Look," said Bob, setting one on the hand.

"But Bob," exclaimed Nella, "you see—they've never been worn!"

"No," said the busy saleswoman, "nor the dress either, Mrs. by said."

"Oh," said Nella in a little voice, touched the little shoes gently. "Go now," she said.



The woman smiled, and compromised by leaving the dress where it was, and reaching over for the shoes, which she placed on the worn counter

Illustrator GORDON C. ROSS

And all the way down the street she speculated about the slim-waisted girl with tiny feet who had never worn her wedding dress.

"Perhaps he died," she mourned, as if he had known him well.

"Perhaps the girl died," said Bob, and drew her arm in his close, close to his side.

People did die—though it had never occurred to him before that he and Nella might. There were worse things, he thought vaguely, than being young and in love and poor and separated only by life. Suppose they were parted by death.

All the next week at lunch hour Nella walked down by the Thrift Shop and looked at the dress. She became more and more sentimental about it. Perhaps some of her own wistfulness colored the stories she made up about the slim lovely girl who long ago selected that silken sheath of ivory and ordered the tiny design of orange blossoms, and stood with dreams in her eyes while the dress was fitted and the rippling hem was turned just to show those quaint low-heeled satin slippers with their clean, new, untrodden soles.

Finally she gathered courage to go in again and ask if they had found out any-

thing about the history of the dress, but still no one knew.

"Come in late on Friday," they told her, "Mrs. Salesby is one of the board and comes in every Friday afternoon."

Friday was always a big night with Bob and Nella. Friday the pictures changed, but the prices did not go up. Fridays they always met after the office and went to a movie and then had dinner afterward at the little Italian restaurant with gay posters on the wall, but at the risk of being late and having to pay evening prices Nella left a little early and ran down to the Thrift Shop.

"Is Mrs. Salesby here?" she asked shyly.



"Right over there," some one told her.

And sure enough, in the far corner, busily unpacking from a basket dozens and dozens of glasses and unwrapping them and placing them on the glass shelves, was a tall, brisk, tweedy woman, as different from the little white satin wedding dress as one could imagine.

"The wedding dress?" she smiled at Nella. "Yes, isn't it sweet! It belonged to my great-aunt Sophie. I kept the veil for my girls—it was exquisite rose point sent specially from Paris—but nobody in this day and age could ever wear those sleeves, or that tight bodice. And my girls have feet as big as my own." She extended a slim, long foot in its smart tan brogue.

"But could you tell me," asked Nella, her blue eyes shining, cheeks pink with her daring, "why the dress was never worn? At least, they said it had never been—nor the shoes. Did she die before her wedding day?"

"Goodness, no," said Mrs. Salesby, returning to the glasses. "You must pardon me, but I really have to get these put away and then run—my youngest girl is having a party tonight. . . . Aunt Sophie lived to be ninety-four. She died just last year. She lived in that old corner house on Madison Avenue—you may know it—the

old Vanderdonk place. It's going to be torn down, so I really had to dispose of things."

"Then I suppose," hinted Nella delicately, "he died—or perhaps was killed in an accident. . . ."

"Oh, no, nothing like that at all," reassured Mrs. Salesby, crisply. "He lived to be seventy-four. I remember him well. A fine-looking, straight-backed old man in a black cravat. We children all adored him. We used to call him Uncle John."

"He was an Armitage—the publishing house, you know. Everybody thought they had millions—but somehow it all slipped away just before the wedding, and he had nothing left. I suppose in the beginning he hoped he could win it all back again, but he tried one thing, and another, and finally ended with being an unconsidered and underpaid reader of manuscripts in the publishing house that had been his grandfather's. He had nothing but a few books—and he'd bring Aunt Sophie flowers now and then. He came to dinner every Tuesday night, and called on Sunday afternoon and stayed for supper for near fifty years. That's constancy for you. It couldn't happen nowadays."

"Fifty years," said Nella. She caught her breath, "Thank you," she said to Mrs. Salesby, who had finished the glasses and was now bundling papers into the waste basket.

"You're quite welcome," said Mrs. Salesby absently. "Do you want the dress?" she said, (Continued on page 45)

By EDWARD JEFFRIES REES

*Who has trekked the trails of
the Wesleys, and breathes a
faithful prayer for a Method-
ist Union in Christ's name*

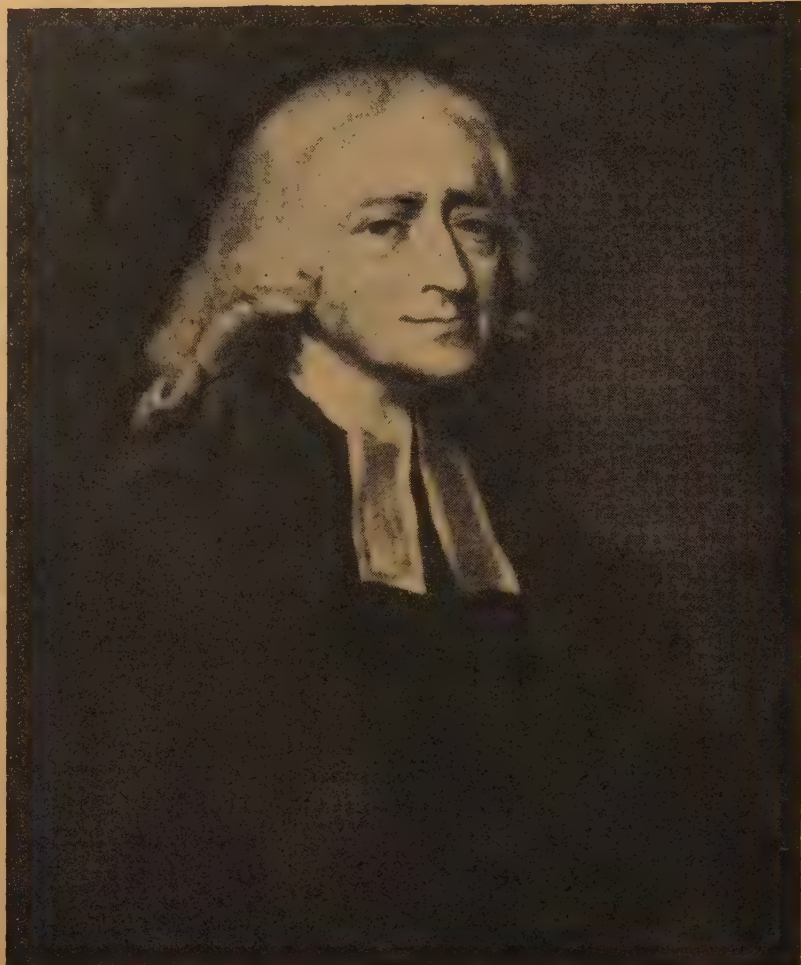


I LOOK upon the whole world as my parish," said he. Yet little did that heroic Englishman who voiced those words realize their meaning, or dare to muse over the measure of their eventual fulfillment. But God in heaven had raised up a man on earth for a task so difficult and demanding, so romantic and real, so heroic and holy that one would not think of contemplating what might be in the beckoning offing. But such is God! And such is God's man!

It is a long, long trail which leads from humble little Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, across the campus paths of stately Oxford University, stretching out beyond the seas to sunny Savannah in pine-clad Georgia, and thence around the globe. But such was the probable and possible parish toward which the far-seeing eyes of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., looked. Such was the parish he held in his heart. Such was the parish he would hold in his hand. A parish as far-reaching as the paths of God's people, irrespective of race, color or clan—a parish of spiritual hungers and religious needs. Wherever the needy heart of man was beating, there was his parish—there was his pulpit. Continents could not confine him. Customs could not cower him, nor conventionalities throttle him. Prejudices could not overpersuade him. Disagreements could not down him. His heart throbbed to help the needy heart of his continent, his generation, his world.

From the humble beginnings of 200 years ago to the holy realizations of the todays Methodism has come. So passionate was this ideal of its founder, and so clarified was his vision of the world as his parish, that one doubts if the sun ever sets on Methodist soil. From its early beginnings Methodism began to march. It has never been content to stand still, or to mark time. "The people are waiting," said Wesley. He must go to them. So he did! And what a story is left in his train—a story filled with radiance, romance, and with the royal blood of certain sacrifice, stretching over more than two centuries of thrilling history. Theodore Roosevelt is given the credit for saying that Methodist ministers were so well distributed and were so numerous that if an individual would write a letter, addressing it to "The Methodist Pastor" of any town in the United States, there would be a Methodist Pastor there to receive it.

Certainly it is a long distance from the



JOHN WESLEY

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Epworth, England, of June 17, 1703, to the Birmingham, Alabama, of May 1, 1938. One date marks the birth of the founder of Methodism. The other, the date of the final official vote on the question of organic union of American Methodism. It is a long, long step from one date to the other—even longer in historical significance and denominational problems and progress than the years would seem to indicate. Methodism marches on! It marches from Epworth to Birmingham—and on. John Wesley, the belittled, long-nosed, long-chinned, peremptory man, on March 9, 1791, was carried to his grave by six poor men, "leaving behind him nothing but a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much-abused reputation, and—the Methodist Church." But, if he should return in the flesh today he would discover the

Church which he founded tingling with spiritual expectancy of new life, due the hopes of certain union in the hours and days which are immediately upon us.

There are three statements which have become religious classics in the life of John Wesley and the church of his perennity. "I look upon the whole world as my parish," to which reference has already been made; resulting in the certain spiritual conquest which has caused the flag of a crusade to be planted in no uncertain permanency on the shores of civilization lapped by the waves of the seven seas. Another statement which came from the depths of his soul: "I felt my heart strangely warmed." This marked the inward work and outward expression of an experience of Christ in his heart which would cause him to lead a spiritual movement resulting in another church

Methodism MARCHES ON!"



WESLEY'S CHAPEL, LONDON

Top, Epworth Rectory, as it appeared

ter being rebuilt, over two hundred years ago. Next, interior of John Wesley's church, City Road Chapel, London, where Wesley preached, and where he is buried

ther denomination, even though it was his purpose nor his intention to start, and or erect another church. The other element was voiced on his death bed, as etically his last audible expression: *the best of all is, God is with us.*" This the dying warrior's note of spiritual mph, ere his soul received the abundant entrance into that house not made hands. But in between these three ritually classic expressions lie many quests and battles, many defeats and ories, many tests and tears, many rtaches and heartbreaks, many dreams realized and many dreams come true, ay songs and sighs, many sermons and yers, many weary miles of a pioneer's some circuit, many holy of holies, ay trysting hours in the sacred and tified silences of the soul of a man on serving his present age and perning the task which he conscientiously

believed his God would have him perform.

Such experiences as these have their setting in Epworth, John Wesley's birthplace; in Oxford, seat of his University; in Georgia, place of his unsuccessful foreign missionary labors; in London, Bristol, Newcastle, Glasgow; in Wales, Ireland and elsewhere. A pilgrim over these paths, as he treks these holy trails, hears the voice of the yesteryears speaking in no uncertain terms. I, one of those pilgrims, can never be the same after such a privileged experience of several months ago. The pilgrim senses the power of the Unseen which walked with a growing child in an Anglican rectory, and talked with a young Oxford don in a cultured seat of learning; a power which crossed the ocean with him and ministered to him in the dark days of his needless fears on the high seas; a power which brought him back to his beloved England and led him ("very

unwillingly" he went) to a Moravian meeting house; a power which entered his hungering, questing soul in dynamic influence only to send him out a new creature in Christ Jesus; a power which enabled him to defy the orders of his superiors, and to disobey the customs of a frozen ecclesiasticism; a power which enabled him to preach with a spiritual effectiveness causing him to be the leading human factor in saving the British Isles from a tragic revolution. A Power, I say, a Power! The power of God in the soul of man. The power of God in the voice of man. And the power of God in the strength of man.

Methodism began its march, unconsciously so, in an Anglican rectory of Lincolnshire, in eastern England, midst the winsome moors and flattened lands of that agricultural section. There once lived in that home the Rector of the Parish church, one Samuel Wesley, with his unusually brilliant wife, Susannah Annesley. Both were children of ministers. One day in June, 1703, the fifteenth child of this couple first saw the light of day. Four other babies were yet to be born in that parsonage. But it was to the care of this fifteenth child, "Jackie," as he was affectionately called by the family group, that the mother gave many hours of her time, care and prayer. His brother, Charles, several years his junior, was destined to be the sweet singer of Israel, and to be called the most gifted writer of song of any man of the English race.

The first domestic event to lift little "Jackie" above the crowd of the other children of the family was the rectory fire on the coldest night of the winter of 1709. The family fled in their night clothes out into the yard, which was covered by snow and swept by a wintry blast of an icy northeast gale. Five of the children, including two months old Charles, slept on the top floor. The nurse grabbed up the baby and called for the others to follow her at once. But in the confusion little five year old Jackie was forgotten and left alone. His frantic father in the yard below counted the heads of his children and discovered the absence of his fifteenth child. In vain he ran back into the rectory to rescue his laddie. He knelt down and committed the lad's soul to God. Some one looked up and saw little Jackie looking out of the window, and with a human ladder the child—a child of Providence and infinite care—was rescued just before the house tumbled in. He often called himself "a brand plucked from the burning." From that time forth, Susannah Wesley gave much of her time and talents to the training of this special child. In later years it was to her that he came for direction in his darkest hours. At her knees he learned his "letters." At her knees he first learned to lisp the name of God in prayer. One cannot stand before this Epworth Rectory, and walk among its historic rooms without feeling the surge of the waves of history. The rectory stands today as it stood in John Wesley's day,

being rebuilt soon after the famous fire toward the beginning of the eighteenth century, in which John Wesley came so near losing his life.

From the schoolroom of his mother's knee young Wesley enrolled in Charterhouse School as a charity pupil, only to come out in a few years with a well-deserved scholarship to Oxford University. When he matriculated in Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1720, in his eighteenth year, he was but following the path his fathers had trod. Many of them had been Oxford men. Oxford was the certain seat of his well-balanced learning, cultural environment, physical development and heart-hunger for God and a conscious salvation. It is said of him "he conquered the scholarship of his day." Soon after entering Oxford he became so engrossed in his studies that he said, "Leisure and I have parted company." He later was made a Fellow of Lincoln College, a signal recognition of his intellectual acumen and the piety of his life. While in Oxford his brother Charles, George Whitfield and a few other more

ture, but with an unsettled religious experience. He soon took ship for America "to convert the Indians" in Georgia, where he testifies, he became aware of his own problems in the field of personal religious experience. Back from Georgia he came, a defeated English clergyman. It was soon after his arrival in London that he went "very unwillingly" to a Moravian meeting house in Aldersgate Street, London, to a kind of prayer meeting. Here are his own words: "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed*. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Writers are a bit disagreed as to the interpretation of Wesley's spiritual experience at Aldersgate, but they are united in their testimony as to the efficacy of an

ley's Aldersgate experience: "It is surely an exaggeration to say that the century which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction was then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England the true source of English Methodism. With this inward, spiritual conviction Wesley walked into the deep needs of the day.

It was a dark day for religion into which he walked. The England of the eighteenth century was not a century of piety, though it presents a chain of great names and mighty results from a material standpoint. It found Ireland, Scotland and England separate. It left them united. It found the United States (thanks be!) and gave it Canada, Australia, and India. It witnessed the great battles of Lord Howe, and Nelson on the Nile. But the eighteenth century, until the coming of the Wesley, specialized in materialities, in possessions, in externalities. The gradual decay of religion which marked its last fifty years is the great scandal of that century. It is the leprosy that poisoned the blood. It is the black spot on the shield of history. England was dying at the point of its faith. Its spiritual skies were as black as the gloom of an Arctic night and as frigid as Alaskan frosts. The night of John Wesley was the patch of light in the darkness of an immoral night. It marked the ray of hope which arose on the horizon of that historic century. Wesley was born, men still lived who had seen Judge Jeffreys on the bench, Thomas Oates in the witness box, and seven bishops in the dock. Said one historian, of that day, "There is no such thing as religion in England." Christianity under English skies was never before nor since so near the point of death. Bishop Butler's *Analogy* states, "It has come to be taken for granted that Christianity is not so much a subject for inquiry, but that it has been discovered to be fictitious. Nothing remained but to set it up as a principal object to mirth and ridicule. Religion was the laughing stock of the eighteenth century. The decay of faith was registered in the foulness of the literature, in the cruelty of its laws, and in the despair of its religion. Christianity did not perish but it came nigh the death-swoon." Grant the historian, says, "There was an old revolt against the churches. The people were ignorant and brutal to a degree possible now to realize. The rich possessed an utter disbelief in religion, and to the poor was linked a foulness of life now almost inconceivable." The religion of that day had ceased to be a life. It had ceased to touch life. It had lost its dynamic vision of a redeeming Lord. It was frozen into a theology, and was set into beautiful-sounding ecclesiastical uniforms, forms and fixtures. It was crystallized into a system of external ethics. It needed to be transformed into a living human experience. William Blackstone, the jurist, after visiting the leading churches of London, said that he "did not hear in any sermon more of Christianity than could be heard in the writings of Cicero, nor could he make out from the content of the preaching whether the preacher was a disciple of Confucius, Mohammed or Christ." Thomas Carlyle of the eight- (Continued on page



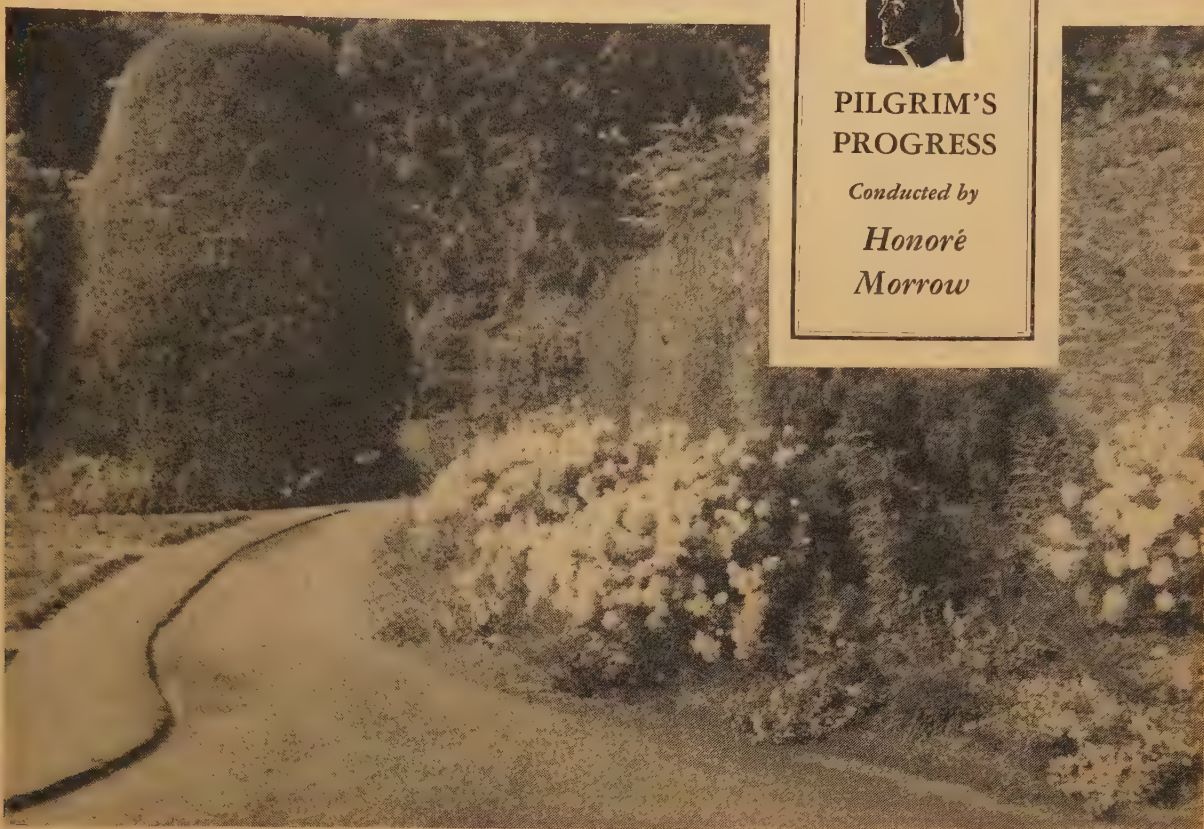
Epworth Chapel, where John Wesley's father was rector for thirty-five years. When John Wesley was barred from this pulpit, he mounted his father's tomb to preach in the churchyard

serious-minded students began to meet in John's room in Lincoln College for prayer, meditation and the study of the Holy Scriptures. They took their tasks so seriously, they studied the Bible so faithfully, they preached and labored among the poor so effectively, they met so regularly and so *methodically* that, in derision, their fellow students began to call them "Sacramentarians," the "Holy Club," "Bible Moths," and "Methodists." The last name stuck. It sticks today. Standing in John Wesley's room today, one clearly hears the voices of the yesteryears and sees the feet of the marching millions as they pass by this shrine of devotion and temple of enlightenment. In gratitude, the room has been restored in recent years, and is kept as a shrine for pilgrims who are constantly visiting it.

Wesley left the campus of Oxford with a keenly polished intellect, and a rich cul-

ture, but with an unsettled religious experience. He soon took ship for America "to convert the Indians" in Georgia, where he testifies, he became aware of his own problems in the field of personal religious experience. Back from Georgia he came, a defeated English clergyman. It was soon after his arrival in London that he went "very unwillingly" to a Moravian meeting house in Aldersgate Street, London, to a kind of prayer meeting. Here are his own words: "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed*. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Writers are a bit disagreed as to the interpretation of Wesley's spiritual experience at Aldersgate, but they are united in their testimony as to the efficacy of an

experience which came to the heart and mind of John Wesley which was to send him forth with a new power and a quickening force. Wesley discovered at Aldersgate that Christianity was not what he did for God, but what God did for him. His inner experience became a program of action which involved an organization. However, it was primarily a new spiritual vitality. "It was a fountain of energy playing in a man's soul." This is "Aldersgate Year" in worldwide Methodism, commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of John Wesley's signally vital spiritual experience on May 24, 1738. The millions of Wesley's followers are hoping and praying that the Church may experience a "heart-warming" which will send out Christian forces to help redeem a needy society, even as a Force redeemed the society of Wesley's day. Lecky, the historian, says of Wes-



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

*Honoré
Morrow*

This scene is not far from Mrs. Morrow's home in England. The wall was built by prisoners from the defeated Spanish Armada, and the garden was laid out and first planted by the same prisoners

War in Noah's Ark

WE AMERICANS living in England listen to broadcasts from the United States with the most intense interest and a sternly critical interest it is, too. When an American speaker tries to tell the British people how Americans think and what is the state of American life at present, he is taking a great responsibility on himself. The speaker's voice, his diction, his talking- and thinking-ability ought to be of the very highest order, if the reaction on this side is to be pleasant. For this is a land of soft voices and fine enunciation, a land where the most ordinary individual seems to have a happy gift for public speaking, and where urbanity curbing passion and passion vitalizing urbanity have become a fine art.

And after the lecturer's speaking gifts have been passed, his choice of topic ought to be inspected and rigidly measured by its probable reaction on the audience. My personal feeling is that there is far too much washing of dirty linen in the broadcasts from America. It makes me furious to hear bellowed across the Atlantic tales of the crookednesses, the stupidities and the cheapnesses of our American political and economic life. There are dozens of my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people all over these British Isles who have been persuaded this winter that America is a mad-house.

After one such broadcast recently, one of my friends said to me: "Why, I had no idea your country was such a ghastly

place to live in! How dreadful that it should have deteriorated so!"

I was trying wildly to think of words which would refute this result of the broadcast, when another English friend came to the rescue.

"It's all quite unfair, you know," he explained. "I've been all over America and it's a perfectly glorious country. We toured in every section and we loved it. These chaps ought to give a picture of the great roads of the United States, for example, and of the courtesies and hospitalities strangers receive along those roads. I could make a saga about the fine manners of the men who run the gasoline stations in the U. S. A. You don't find their like anywhere else in the world. And I could give a whole lecture on the art galleries of America, scattered all over that enormous continent, and the fine music one can hear, having no relation at all to jazz; and I'd like to give another on America's war memorials—glorious monuments, many of them; and on the magnificent schools and universities and on the high, the very high level of the general intelligence. The average American who never gets into the cinema or onto the wireless is one of the best products of civilization. All this noise from across the Atlantic comes from growing pains!"

Well, I felt better! But I am still furious with the Americans who will foul their own nests for the sake of making spectacular trans-Atlantic speeches. Anyhow, there is one spot in England which

is getting a bit of the real American point of view. I take an American newspaper and I hand on such sections as will interest my neighbors; and I take several American magazines, both weekly and monthly, and these too, I give to people I think need them. These magazines, if one considers the makeup alone, are a revelation to the British. There is nothing to compare with them here, where people will not advertise sufficiently to enable editors to do a high class job of illustrating and printing.

My sister, Cornelia Chester, whose son was married here in December is coming to visit us in July. Paul and Honoré, her two younger children are coming, too, and so we shall have quite an imposing reception committee to greet the *Christian Herald* party when it arrives. There are one or two gardens here in Brixham, I want to show my *Herald* friends, and I have had a very gracious agreement from their owners to my taking the American group over their grounds. These are not elaborate gardens, but are very old, belonging to a nice old manor house near by. And the other is really a farm garden but very interesting because the owners do all the work themselves. And moreover, this is a good way to give you who are coming the intimate view one seldom gets in a town.

My sister hoped we could take our children for a trip through the south of France and into Austria, this August. But now we (Continued on page 50)



AN "UNEXPURGATED" NEWSSTAND

ABOUT a year ago Westchester County, the populous suburban county immediately north of New York City, was suffering from a peculiar type of crime wave which was sweeping the entire country. It was spoken of in the press as a "wave of sex crimes." They consisted largely of murders and assaults motivated by the exaggerated, abnormal and perverted sex cravings of a class of criminals described as "fiends" and as "mentally deficient."

Perhaps I should not write in the past tense. It cannot be said that the crime wave has passed; but in the spring of 1937 the people of Westchester undertook preventive measures. It did little good to the victims of these crimes to apprehend and punish the criminal. It is far better to seek out the fiends and watch them before the crimes are committed. So Westchester County constituted itself a huge vigilance committee. Churches, parent-teacher associations, men's clubs, women's clubs appointed officers to work with the police and with the District Attorney and the members pledged themselves to report suspicious behavior on the part of queer-looking individuals. Of course it is no crime to look queer and many estimable citizens do, but nearly all the criminals of this nefarious type were abnormal in appearance, and when an abnormal looking adult was found in intimate conversation with children, the fact was reported and the queer one was watched and questioned.

Now all this has little to do with the drive against obscene literature except for the fact that this drive was undertaken as part of the war against sex crimes.

It was Thomas Scoble, a former incumbent of the District Attorney's office, who first suggested cleaning up Westchester's newsstands. He was lunching with



DISTRICT ATTORNEY WALTER A. FERRIS

District Attorney Walter A. Ferris for the purpose of discussing the war against sex crimes. "Walter," said he, "have you ever realized that the dirty papers with which Westchester is flooded may have a direct influence on these crimes? Do you realize that they can excite all sorts of cravings and desires on the part of the mentally under-developed?" This conversation started an investigation of the newsstands throughout Westchester, and the situation proved to be pretty rotten. For most part the decent, legitimate newsstands were selling magazines which obviously violated the indecency section of the New York penal law, and in addition the county was flooded with published indecencies other than magazines.

Westchester was not the worst county of New York in this respect, but because of its proximity to the city of New York, its reasonably dense population, and other factors, it was one of the worst. Westchester is a suburban county. It consists for the most part of fine homes of moderately wealthy people who derive their living from the city of New York, and with this wealthy population is a large army of foreigners, negroes and "underprivileged" who derive their living through supplying the needs of the wealthier classes and working in the factories, stores, filling stations and other industries of the county.

The District Attorney's office was eager to wage war upon the obscene literature but found its hands pretty much tied. It had just completed the successful prosecu-

WESTCHESTER *Purges Its Newsstands*

By

H. A. CALAHAN

tion of an indecent publisher in Yonkers, and when the expense of that case was added up, it was all too obvious that the District Attorney's office could not afford the widespread prosecutions necessary to clean up the newsstands. Litigation costs money. Time of the courts, the expense of a grand jury and petty juries, the subpoenaing of witnesses, making arrests are all very expensive, and if prosecutions were to be conducted to the number necessary to clean up the newsstands, the prosecution of far more important crimes would have to be neglected. Furthermore, the success of such wholesale prosecutions would be largely in doubt. Article 106, Section 1141 of the penal law is pretty broad. "A person who sells, lends, gives away, or shows or offers to sell, lend, give away, or show, or has in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give away or show or advertises in any manner, or who otherwise offers for loan, gift, sale, or distribution, any obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, or disgusting book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story paper, writing paper, picture, drawing, photograph, figure or image. . . ." I sha'n't go on, for this Section covers several pages of the penal law. But it must be obvious that anyone who has anything whatsoever to do with the distribution of indecent matter commits a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment of not less than ten days nor more than one year, or a fine of not less than \$50.00 nor more than \$1,000.00, or both fine and imprisonment. Yes, the law is all right. Also the definition of prohibited matter is broad enough, for the words "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting" literally cover a multitude of sins.

But the difficulty of getting a conviction for a crime of this character is notoriously difficult. Indecency may often be in the eyes of the beholder. A lewd picture may be interpreted as art. Clever lawyers can deny an obvious innuendo, and the courts have a growing tendency to be liberal. With the widespread acceptance of fan dancers, strip-tease artists and nudity on the stage, the screen and the advertising pages, and with the stark revelations of our bathing beaches, mere nudity is no longer *ipso facto* indecent. A jury of twelve good men and true would not be shocked by the picture of a nude woman in a suggestive pose when at the

every moment of their sitting in judgment, their own wives and daughters might be sprawled in almost equal nudity upon a nearby bathing beach. So the difficulty of conviction loomed large.

There were other considerations, too, that weighed against any wholesale prosecution. It was urged that the little newsdealers did not know the contents of the magazines they were selling. In some cases undoubtedly this was true. In any event it was hardly to be expected that the news dealer could sit in judgment and exercise censorship on all the wares he sold.

In the course of the investigation another feature came to light. The newsdealer had to sell whatever magazines were given to him by the larger distributors. To some extent, of course, he could make known his needs, but, by and large, he had to accept and offer for sale whatever the larger distributors supplied him. In order to get copies of the big, sure-selling legitimate magazines, the dealers had to accept and offer for sale a certain number of magazines which he found less desirable. His reasons might be moral or merely commercial, but he had to take what was given to him. This situation is true in many industries. Do not condemn your local motion picture exhibitor too hastily when he shows pictures that are obviously dull, stupid or in bad taste. He is obliged to show those pictures in order to get the occasional good picture which you demand.

Then, underlying it all, is the terrible injustice of partial enforcement of the law. Every driver violates the speed laws, but only a few are stopped, summoned and punished. The notoriously general violations of the prohibition law imparted a tinge of injustice to the few cases of arrest and punishment. Quite generally prosecutions for violations of the laws of this type make a few people suffer, while the great majority of wrongdoers escape unscathed. The lawyers distinguish between two classes of crime, the *malum prohibitum* and *malum per se*. *Malum prohibitum* is a crime because the legislature has declared it to be a crime. There is nothing essentially wicked in driving a motor car at thirty-five miles per hour, but it becomes a crime if a law is passed prohibiting speed in excess of thirty miles per hour. On the other hand the *malum per se* is wrong and wicked by the laws of God, as well as the laws of man. In the unequal prosecution of *mala prohibita* there has risen a widespread disrespect of all law, and a consequent increase in the crimes that are *mala per se*. You perceive why the District Attorney's hands were tied by all these things—prohibitive costs, questionable convictions, the obvious lack of criminal intent on the part of many violators, the fact that the local news dealers were forced, often against their wills, to violate the law in order to stay in business, and the inherent injustice in punishing a few for the crimes of many.

Now all these considerations would weigh upon any District Attorney anywhere. If there is lack of enforcement of the indecency laws in your community, your own District Attorney is probably influenced by just these considerations. Apart from the cost of wholesale prosecution, he is doubtless guided by the firm

conviction that a local war against the indecent printed matter will do more harm than good.

It must be obvious that the way to fight the evil is to strike at the fountain head. Get the publisher and get him so that he stays got. In the only known case of indecent publication in the county, District Attorney Ferris prosecuted and convicted the publisher. Just across the border of Connecticut in the city of Stamford was another publisher who was flooding Westchester with his filth, so Mr. Ferris tackled the Stamford police to go after this publisher, but learned to his delight that they had already proceeded and had obtained a conviction. The rest of the filth, so far as could be determined, was published outside the county and therefore outside its jurisdiction. A very large part of the filth was distributed through the United States' mails. This was not only a violation of federal laws, but a large number of the publications enjoyed

These Cities

By ordinance, by pressure of public opinion, and by various other means, have taken steps toward cleaning up the newsstands in their respective localities:

MAINE—Augusta, Bangor, Portland
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Portsmouth, Dover

MASSACHUSETTS—Boston, Lowell, Lynn, and ten smaller cities

NEW YORK—Albany, Schenectady, Suffolk Co., Westchester Co.

OHIO—Ashtabula

ALABAMA—Birmingham

INDIANA—Hammond, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Michigan City

MICHIGAN—Grand Rapids

ILLINOIS—Chicago

IOWA—Des Moines

The movement is spreading rapidly, and there will doubtless be many others by the time this reaches you.

second class mailing privileges and were mailed at the same low rate that is allowed legitimate publications.

District Attorney Ferris did not, however, shrug his shoulders and say, "This is up to the post office department. It isn't my affair." The distribution of obscene literature is a crime in New York state, punishable in the county in which the distribution is made. So Mr. Ferris started his war against the distributors. Early in November he invited the distributors of all magazines operating in Westchester county to attend a meeting in his office at White Plains. More than twenty companies were represented.

"I was surprised at the caliber of men," said Mr. Ferris. "They were the finest type of business men, and to my surprise I found them absolutely in sympathy with what we were trying to do. They did not enjoy the distribution of filthy literature but found themselves driven to it by their competitors."

Their explanation was the old, familiar one, "There is a demand for this stuff. If we don't supply it, someone else will. But if we can all agree not to sell it, then it will die out." One man voiced the opinion of the majority. "I have children myself," he said, "and I should hate to have some of the stuff I sell fall into their hands. We would all like to stop the distribution of these magazines if you can show us the way."

The way was simple. Get them all to stop and prosecute those who violated. You perceive the subtlety of the threat. Here was no hectoring District Attorney, brandishing the threat of prosecution before all these business men. Rather, his attitude was,

"You and I both want this stopped and we can do it by working together. You cut out your violations and I will punish the other fellow." Thus the distributors ceased to be on the defensive. They worked with the District Attorney instead of against him. All the distributors pledged themselves to an immediate cleaning up of the newsstands. They checked up on their numbers and found that there were four or five distributing companies not represented at the meeting. They agreed to send these distributors in to the District Attorney and see that they too joined the combination in restraint of nefarious trade.

"Give us time!" they begged. "It is now early in November. Give us until the first of December and we will guarantee that the newsstands will be clean." Mr. Ferris eagerly agreed.

"We will do more than you ask," said the distributors. "We will police the stands for you and see that they are kept clean. Our men visit all the stands in Westchester every day. We will report to you the news dealers who buy their filthy magazines from other sources and wherever our men find indecent literature offered for sale, you will hear of it. It is obvious that where there is a demand for filth the supply will somewhere be found. If the dealer cannot buy these magazines through us, he can always go direct to the publisher. But if he offers them for sale, you may be sure our drivers will know it. Then you will know it too."

The meeting broke up with the heads of the industry squarely behind the District Attorney and the forces that were working for decency. Instead of arraying them as enemies, this policy brought them into line as enthusiastic allies.

The industry began its policing. At once filth began to disappear from the newsstands. In some instances it was merely moved to a room back of the store where it was peddled in the best bootlegging manner. But this type of violation did not escape the eagle eyes of the distributors' men. Soon Mr. Ferris was informed of the back-room dispensers and the police began making official visits. There was one back room in Portchester which was a perfect museum of "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent and disgusting" matter. No arrests were made. The back-room vendors were visited by the police who informed them that they knew exactly what was going on, reminding them of the deadline and visiting them again on the first of December at which time all the stores (Continued on page 51)

Dr. Bernard Chancellor Clausen, minister of the First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, who vows he will never again go to war, though the whole world join in a battle hymn

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER *and Pacifist*

By Helen Welshimer

IT WAS in 1918, that year when the whole world was mad with fear and blood and thunder. Rain slithered across the decks of the U.S.S. North Carolina, a naval cruiser that was conveying a dozen troop ships across the Atlantic.

A tall boy with blue eyes and golden hair leaned against the rail. At the moment he was a Galahad who had misplaced his vision. He had thought that war, which would make the world safe for democracy—men said it would in those days—was a glorious thing. Now he knew better. Only a few minutes before a submarine had been sighted and now a scum of oil on the water showed that the North Carolina had got her prey. Down in the gun rooms men were shouting over the victory. The boy could hear them.

Today, nineteen years later, Dr. Bernard Chancellor Clausen, minister of the First Baptist Church of Pittsburgh and a steady contender for peace, goes back to that moment as the one which made him vow he never again would go to war though the whole world got together in a battle hymn.

He has an intuitive revulsion against war, he says. He shudders yet when he remembers how the orders would come to discharge the depth bombs. A believer in non-violent pacifism, he isn't sure if we can organize swiftly enough to bring about the peaceful world that will avert the next war, but he is betting his life on it, he asserts. If peace is not rooted deeply enough when the next long bugle calls, we must fend off that war by awakening an international feeling of absolute pacifism, never forgetting that the final gesture of defiance of war must be made by young people, he preaches.

On Peace Strike Day, of this year, Dr. Clausen addressed six High School rallies. Because he himself crossed the Atlantic Ocean on war duty twenty-six times, his message is rooted in reality—the only basis which the practical younger generations respect.

They say in Pittsburgh, just as they

used to in Syracuse, where Dr. Clausen formerly preached, that he plays to the galleries; but if he does the galleries are usually filled. He has sermonized, at times, under heads such as "For Crying Out Loud" and "Thanks for the Buggy Ride." He has started a popular song in the middle of a sermon. Sensational, some call him. Dramatic, others correct them.

He never wears a hat. Even when he went to Europe with Sherwood Eddy in 1925 he didn't take one along. His hair is as golden as any cinema star ever hoped hers would be after the last rinse. He is forty-five and looks ten or fifteen years younger. He buys his wood in cord length and saws it to the proper size to get exercise. Five nights a week he goes up and down the hills of the city with his twelve-year-old son, Barton, as he delivers papers on his news route. His height is five feet, eleven and one-half inches and his weight is 145 pounds.

When the wet interests of Syracuse staged a parade on the date that Mayor James Walker of New York City had chosen for his own procession, Dr. Clausen summoned the Sunday School forces and put on his own parade. When the American Legion forced the Public Library to take down certain posters sponsoring peace which it was displaying, he openly denounced the Legion's attitude, and tacked up the posters on his own church bulletin board.



Today he is serving as an educational leader for the workers in the new social and industrial order.

Call it ecclesiastical showmanship, if you will. Still, we dare say that Christ created quite a sensation the day that He overturned the tables of the money-changers in the temple.

When a student at Colgate University Bernard Clausen was tempted to be professor of Greek. Considering the dynamic energy which is making him a foremost economic influence, it is hard to identify him with the meek of the earth. The vision which he preaches today is not confined to the campus, and in no sense throws a backward shadow. Dr. Clausen believes that world-wide preaching through radio and television, is the coming order. It is that for which he is preparing the Christian Church. To get the background we must go back to the war and the naval cruiser.



"I'M FRANKLY SORRY THAT I'M FORTY-FIVE—THAT LEAVES SO FEW MORE YEARS THAT THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL BE WILLING TO LISTEN TO ME"



"THE NEXT PRESIDENT WILL BE ELECTED BY TELEVISION—AND THAT MEANS HE WILL HAVE TO LOOK AS INTERESTING AS HE SOUNDS"



"THE WORLD IS NEVER GOING TO SLIP BACKWARD. WORLDWIDE PREACHING THROUGH RADIO AND TELEVISION IS THE COMING ORDER FOR THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH"

Dr. Clausen was a chaplain, not a sailor, in the navy. Not being directly involved in the maritime carnage, he turned his attention to wireless telegraphy. Radio broadcasting was undiscovered as yet. He was appointed a communication officer on the ship. It was his job to take secret messages and decipher them, and try to crack the enemy's code. Backed by his early interest in wireless, when he became minister of the First Baptist Church in

Syracuse, he began to work out early plans for religion on the radio. He broadcast the first dramatic skits ever given over the air—a weekly dramatization of the International Sunday School lessons which he himself prepared.

When Dr. Clausen's ministry led him to Pittsburgh he promptly sought a contact with KDKA, the original radio station, owned by the Westinghouse people. Television is his latest interest.

"Television will introduce into the life of the human race an extension of experience much more significant than radio itself," he asserts. "The sets are ready and soon overnight this invention will be here. We are going to discover ourselves living in a world where everything can be seen as well as heard. The next president will be elected by television, and that means that he must look as interesting as he sounds." This with a hearty laugh.

Here is the vision that this modern prophet is preaching.

He sees a world of things to come where every little crossroads school will be taught through radio. Masters like John Dewey, Albert Einstein, Meiklejohn and Van Roon will be the teachers, the continent will be the classroom. Changes in church life will be even more radical. Only three or four ministers, out of the



"SENSATIONAL? WELL, I IMAGINE THAT EVEN CHRIST CREATED QUITE A SENSATION IN HIS DAY"

present 200,000 Protestant clergymen in America, will be delivering the Sunday messages. They will be chosen to fit the spiritual needs of the nation. They will be outstanding prophetic leaders, noted for their power, sincerity and eloquence. From coast to coast, congregations will gather not only to hear, but to see them, as clearly as though they were present, simultaneously, in thousands of churches.

"I believe that ministers will be selected for this preaching and assigned a certain number of sermons," Dr. Clausen explains. "When a man is told that the radio spot will be his twelve times a year and he will preach each time to 20,000 congregations, he will have a chance to put the best he has into those sermons. The listeners will profit. Ministers, in this way, will take turns. This method of preaching is just a modern application of the itinerancy of Paul."

Nobody will be out of a job. Dr. Clausen says that the resident ministers like himself will listen and then reduce what they hear to its personal and local applications. It may be eliminating the public-speaking function of the ministry—taking the preaching out of it—but that's the vision Dr. Clausen sees above the smoky Pittsburgh skyline.

This new arrangement will constitute a change in American sermon technique. No one may take a manuscript to the microphone, even if the reading method is acceptable today. Ministers will have to cultivate extemporaneous poise and look to their hair-cuts.

Dr. Clausen says that he is getting the church ready for its new part in the big religious broadcast. Every Wednesday night at 10:30, over KDKA, Pittsburgh, he conducts an extemporaneous round-table discussion. Every Monday night he directs a big community forum in a Pittsburgh High School auditorium where somebody of national importance—Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Norman Thomas, Charles Taft, Dr. Townsend—speaks for an hour and spends another hour answering questions. But first the program has gone on the air, Dr. Clausen conducting an extemporaneous forum-interview for fifteen minutes. Saturday night he presents an experimental radio religious program called "One Minute Sermons."

For eighteen months now his programs have used no manuscripts before the

microphone. His own pulpit sermons, while carefully prepared in outline, are given without notes, too.

Dr. Clausen's story begins in Hoboken, New Jersey, where he was born on April 5, 1892. His father, Dr. Bernard Clausen, a practising physician, was superintendent of the little mission church Sunday School, and his mother, Mary Chancellor, who had been a school teacher before her marriage, was director of the primary department. One day Dr. Clausen, then a matured man, closed his medical books, canceled his accounts, and accepted a position as state superintendent of Christian Endeavor in New York state.

"It was a complete self-sacrifice," his son comments. "He felt so keenly the problems of young people that he gave up his source of professional income."

It was a sacrifice for his family, too—a heavier one than he had expected. Before his children were out of school he died, leaving no income for them. Bernard Clausen was starting his senior year at college that autumn, possessed of a contented ambition to teach. During his senior year he procured a position teaching Greek at the college. He was graduated. Now he had a living to earn with three younger brothers and a younger sister, all either in High School or college, needing assistance.

He hadn't decided upon the ministry as a profession, though his home life was deeply spiritual and he had taught a class of Sunday School boys while a student at Colgate, had been active in Christian Endeavor, and in his earlier years had accompanied his father to many state and national Christian Endeavor conventions.

Then:

"My ministry came to me on the silver platter of circumstance," he reminisces. "The only position which I could obtain which paid the money we needed was one where I would be the minister of one church and associate pastor of another one, in Mt. Vernon, New York. I stayed there for three years. Meantime, I got such deep satisfaction out of the ministry that I decided that I wanted to stay with it. My inherent wish was to do that which would be of the most consequence in the Kingdom of God."

It was in 1915 that he graduated from Colgate and began his pastorates. During the next three years, he arranged his work so he could spend two days a week studying at Union Theological Seminary, not far distant, in New York City. Colgate gave him his Master's degree in 1916, and in 1917 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry. In December of that same year he became a chaplain on the U.S.S. North Carolina, where he served until June of 1919, following the war's end. In August of 1918, on leave between his trans-Atlantic ferrying, he married Miss Elizabeth Darnell, of Waynetown, Indiana, whom he had known when she was a student at Emerson College, in Boston, while he was studying at Union.

The war ended. Dr. Clausen accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Hamilton, the college church for Colgate University, and he and his bride set up housekeeping in the twenty-room parsonage. Boys who had been in his Sunday School class when he was a student in that town came to hear him preach now. After one year, in

1920, he resigned to go to the First Baptist Church at Syracuse, New York, where he remained until he resigned to become the minister of the First Baptist Church in Pittsburgh, in 1932. Meantime, in 1922, Syracuse University gave him his Doctor of Divinity degree.

Dr. Clausen has adopted for himself an arrangement of work into large portions of time. A day seems too brief for subdivision. On Monday he calls on the parish sick, for he relishes pastoral work. He tries never to miss visiting the ill but he just as rigorously abstains from calling on the well. He has a study, he says, where they can come to him. Tuesday is his recreational day, when he takes vigorous walks and does his reading. (In college his one athletic stint was a plodding quarter-mile.) On Wednesday, he prepares the copy for the church publications. Thursday is devoted to appoint-

TRIUMPH

If the royal seal of the Roman State,
And the great rock tomb shut tight,
And the sullen soldiers watching late,
Could not prison Him in, that night,
Then there is no death for the right.

If the dark despair of Gethsemane,
And the plots of priests in fright,
And hate as black as a storm at sea,
Could not blot out His radiance bright,
Then there is no death for the light.

If the traitor's kiss and the coward's curse,
And the flash of Peter's knife,
And the thorns and nails, and the spear
and worse,
Could not kill Him in the strife,
Then there is no death for His life.

If the doubts and sneers of these centuries
past,
And the blows of His enemies grim,
Have done their worst—and men still hold
fast
With devotion that will not dim,
Then there is no death for Him.

Bernard C. Clausen

★ ★ ★

ments and conferences, and on Friday and Saturday he studies.

His nights have their routine, too. Monday is the forum with the national speaker. Wednesday evening all the people who want to ask him questions which do not get answered in sermons, gather at the study. It's a humble room with grey walls, a red rug, well-filled low bookshelves, a rolltop desk and a big table. It is crowded for this midweek meeting. Once a month Dr. Clausen officiates at a speaking program when his church gives a dinner.

Thursday evenings he devotes to the Workers' Schools of Western Pennsylvania, an organization of which he is chairman of the officiating committee and director of preliminary forums.

Let's take any Union Hall in Pennsylvania where there are many workers in the steel mills and coal mines. The committee has decided that the people need to

know how to use their new economic and social powers. Therefore, a forum is called. The workers gather. Dr. Clausen opens up avenues of thought that are dead-end streets in their minds.

Whispers start.

"He's a regular guy," somebody says.

"Sounds like good stuff," another man volunteers.

A third voices the general sentiment. "I don't know much about these things, we're talking about. How can I learn?"

Then the answer comes: "You don't want forums. You want classes!"

Forthwith a school for the workers is started. Teachers from the more than forty volunteer instructors in the movement, are sent to the town, at certain hours. They have discovered that the workers want to learn about the history of the labor movement, theories of economics as applied to industry, how to speak in public and how to conduct a public meeting.

It is significant that Dr. Clausen, who once favored biography in his reading, lately has transferred his interest to books dealing with economic and industrial affairs, and his biographies tell of labor and industrial leaders. It's a far cry from Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides.

Dr. Clausen does a good deal of speaking before High School and college audiences. Every year he addresses at least thirty High School graduation exercises, scattered over the continent. He considers High School Commencement the most significant experience in a boy or girl's life, calling these occasions "the great untouched opportunity for preachers." He laments the fact that he is forty-five, as he says there are such a few years left when young people will be willing to listen to him.

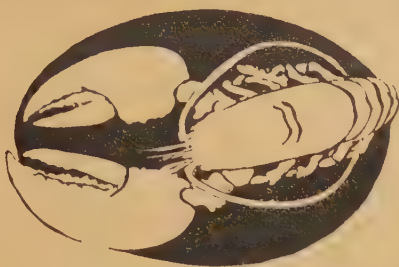
Believing as he does that young people are the strategic point of Christian contact and behavior, Dr. Clausen finds his church is admirably located. The beautiful Gothic building was completed before his coming so its inner organization is his interest. Only a block or so from the building, rises "The Cathedral of Learning," as the University of Pittsburgh calls its sheer white edifice. Down the street is the Mellon Institute for Industrial Research, housed in its "Temple of Science." Pittsburgh, boasts, too, its famous Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pennsylvania College for Women, Duquesne University, and smaller schools.

"The church must give these young people something the schools do not give," this pastor says. "Young people now accept with complete equanimity the implications of scientific research. Anything in the Bible contradicted by the results of research is out for them. The last thing for a minister to do is to avoid the implications of scientific research on the claims of the church."

"Since the universities in their 'temples' and 'cathedrals' are giving youth so much, we must establish a church for them which supplies a quality which is missing in the others—compassion. It comes from the life quality and teachings of Jesus."

"I believe that young people are open to an appeal to compassion. I know, too, that all the findings of science can be used to the disadvantage of the human race

(Continued on page 52)



The Claw of the Lobster

By
Bernard C. Clausen

A SERMON

LOBSTERS are strange creatures. Laboratories in France have been investigating them. They have discovered that lobsters possess amazing ability to deal magnificently with sudden crises. Tie a lobster to a stake in the mud. Confront him with some dreaded foe. The lobster will escape, even if it becomes necessary for him to rip the tied claw loose from his body and flee mangled. But lobsters have no ability at all to deal with slow and ordinary disaster. Tie a lobster by his claw to a stake in the mud. Place near at hand but out of reach, a generous supply of tempting food. The lobster will die of starvation, unable to summon the necessary furious energy to tear loose.

Poor lobsters—they cannot change. Scientists say they have no chance at adaptation.

Poor men and women. They can change and will not.

Deep within every life, are marvelous untapped reservoirs of tremendous energy. Sometimes the threat of sudden catastrophe challenges us, and we do heroic, superhuman things. This power is not exhausted by use; it withers away when it is unused. It is enough to meet any crisis. We are betrayed by the little choices which, coming day by day, do not seem to us to be critical.



TEXT, LUKE 9:23.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

Jesus once said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." This text we have interpreted as signifying the kind of death He was to die. Instead He meant it to signify the kind of life we are to live. The important word is "daily." We are to start every morning as if that were to be the day of crucifixion for us. We are to live always with the ethics and self-sacrifice of crisis. So He preached, always as fervently as if He would never have a chance at these people before him again. So He served as if every needy sufferer were the only person in the world at that moment and Jesus, Himself, the only possible source of help. So He lived not only on the day of His death but every day, as if that day were His last. So are we to follow Him, taking the risks and the glory of the cross into each Monday and Tuesday and all the other days of our lives.

I am always impressed by the immense outpouring of human effort in every football season. Boundless powers of youthful enthusiasm, well disciplined, skilfully directed, selflessly offered, are used up every Saturday, winning games. Suppose I could take one half that power, and use it with good team work, on the task of changing America. We could transform the life of our people in a decade. But after the last football game is over, the passion dies down. We think these contests are crises. Are they any more important than the challenging of evil in our land? We are like lobsters, betrayed into surrender to the commonplace.

War shows us vividly the same significant contrast. There is nothing more terrible in modern life than the way men slaughter each other in war. It is the last word in mad brutality. Yet even shocked pacifists are compelled to admit that there is nothing more glorious in life than the way men are willing to die in war. That selfless devotion which pours out its life's blood on the altar of a country's defense, is not much less than superb. We have been watching it in the catastrophe of the Orient. We have read about that lost battalion of Chinese troops caught on the roof of a warehouse at the fringes of Shanghai, surrounded on all sides by the wave of conquering Japanese. Yet they refused to surrender. Instead, fighting with tireless eagerness, ready to sell their lives for the momentary delay their defiance would impose on the foe's advance, they died for their country. We have read about that tiny squadron of Chinese planes, which rose into the air to meet the vast fleet of Japanese bombers winging down from the north. They had no chance to turn the invaders back and their only possible fate was to come clattering down after a few seconds of bold resistance, to spatter the blood and brains of their pilots out upon the good earth beneath them. Yet without hesitation, their challenge of defiance was issued, and the swarm of Chinese rose to sting and then to fall back, pitiful fragments of machinery and human flesh—a futile testimony of unbounded heroism. But it seems good to be a member of the human race when we realize how devotedly men can die for a cause.

Can we live for a cause? Suppose this heroism of war could be devoted to the patient striving which will be required to build peace in the world. Suppose we could recruit the youth of this generation to a steady increase of good will and world understanding, as enthusiastically and as whole-heartedly as we could win them over-night by the blare of the bugles, and the roll of drums, to armed defense. We could bring in the Kingdom of God in a few years.

But we are too much like lobsters. We save our splendid self-sacrifice for the crisis events which we detect only in battles or catastrophes. We have so little courage for the peaceful choices of every day. Can that be because it is intrinsically more important for a nation to win a war than it is to build a world of peace? Surely we have learned by this time that even the victor is the loser in a modern war. No, we fail because we have not yet learned to bring to bear upon the prosaic efforts of world change, the deepest, most compelling emotional response of our lives which we reserve for battle-fields and crises.


Halfway through a long automobile journey, I drove through the scene of a harrowing accident. For fifty miles, after the accident, everybody seemed to be subdued into driving carefully. After fifty miles, almost everybody began driving like lunatics again, honking, cutting out and in, jamming brakes and burning tires, with insane speed. Why cannot we drive every mile as if we had just seen an accident? We seem like lobsters, unable to translate our momentary horror into consistent carefulness.

(Continued on page 57)



By Jane
Parker

Campfire Tales of MONT

 WHEN the play of the day is over at Mont Lawn, there comes an hour before bedtime when little chairs are drawn into a circle at the Playhouse and the children are coaxed into a slumber mood by song and story. For counselor and child alike the hour is an inspiring one, for it is then the spirit of Mont Lawn creeps into the heart.

Three rows of little girls confronted the story-teller on the first night of camp. When the announcement was made that a story would be told, there was a perceptible movement of chairs nearer the counselor and then a strange silence. This is the story she told, encouraged by the wide-eyed attention of the youngsters:

The Awakening of Mont Lawn

All winter long Mont Lawn is locked and barred. No children play on the field, swim in the pool, sleep in the cottages. Then as spring and early summer arrive, the message is somehow whispered from building to building that camp will soon be open. Perhaps it is the birds that bear the message; perhaps, the trees, aided by the breeze, sing the glad news in the twilight. Then the doors are unlocked, and each building begins to waken to welcome the children.

I thought you might like to share my adventures as I went about Mont Lawn this morning to be sure every building knew that the gala day had arrived when the first of the children would climb from the bus ready for two weeks of happy vacation.

First I visited the dining room where rows and rows of tables and benches were ready to serve the children all through the summer. The plates and cups were shiny bright and really making a great clatter.

"Why are you so excited?" I asked as

I tried to raise my voice above their din.

"Because tonight we will be placed on the table, filled with the good things little ones love to eat. We will have the fun of seeing them grow fatter and fatter because they are eating from us. We're tired of being stored away. We can't help being glad when we think of all the fun ahead!"

I went next to the playground—and guess what? The swings were actually swinging—the seesaw was moving up and down—the merry-go-round was going round and round.

"Why, oh why, have you suddenly come to life?" I asked.

"The children are coming," they answered, "and all summer they will play on us in the sunshine and become brown as berries. They'll laugh when we swing them into the air. They'll make us feel useful once more and happy after a long winter of doing nothing. We're glad this day has come."

Next I went to explore this very Playhouse where on rainy days everyone will play, where the older boys and girls will do handicraft, where movies will be shown on Friday night. The building that had looked dark and unfriendly for so many months was smiling because Mr. Sun had chosen to shine on the day the first of the children arrived. The little chairs were dancing on the polished floor so glad that at last someone would sit in them. Perhaps, at this very moment you can feel your chair give you a friendly squeeze, so glad is it to have you sitting in it.

Next I visited the library, and all the books that had looked so dusty and dirty were trying to open their covers and show their very best pictures. I even saw some of the favorite characters—Robin Hood, Heidi, Snow White—try to slip away from their pages so they might show how grand they were, how much they wanted the little girls and boys who came to camp to become acquainted with them. They were all afraid—those books—that someone might not read them, but I told them that many of the children would come every day and they would read the stories and make the books happy once more.

Then I went to see the swimming-pool. Such a splashing of water you never heard! The pool was just as happy as the rest of Mont Lawn that at last someone was going to use it; that when the warm days came little boys and girls were going to swim and splash—perhaps, even learn to be star swimmers!

The clock in the stone tower had such a big smile on his face, I had to stop and talk with him. Just as I arrived, his big bass voice sent forth ten chimes. Never before had those chimes sounded quite so fine.

"Why do you strike so beautifully today?" I questioned.

"Because I shall tell the children the hour of day all summer," he replied. "I'm not interested in grownups, and I refuse to strike after nine o'clock when the children are all in bed, but during the day I'll boom forth and tell each child when play hour or dinner time arrives."



Page 32, left, Mrs. Parker, mother of the writer, tells a story to an interested group. Right, the youngsters get daily dips in the pool, like this. Page 33, above, at the services in the "Children's Temple"

LAWN

As I left the clock, I decided to go next to the chapel where the children would go on Sunday to hear a brief sermon and sing Mont Lawn songs. The cobwebs had all left the organ, and it was ready to make beautiful music for the boys and girls. The benches had no more dust upon them—they were waiting for the children to file in and sit on them. The colored windows fairly sparkled with gladness, for they knew the children would love them to be bright and pretty.

In my travels about Mont Lawn today, the last place I visited was Sunshine Walk, lined with the little cottages where you all will live. Such gay cottages you never have seen! Every door bore a welcome grin on its open face. Within, the beds were trying very hard to stay in place, but they were too excited to succeed. They were all anxious to know which little girl would sleep in each of them, who was going to make them so well in the morning that that cottage would win the extra ice cream on Sunday. The tooth brush, the wash cloth, the nightie, looked so fresh and clean—each waiting for its owner.

"Well, at last—here they come!" said Sunbeam Cottage to the little beds all lined up waiting for summer and their little guests.

"Who's coming?" said the first little bed, a tiny white thing.

"Why the army of housekeepers to put on our pretty covers and get us ready to receive our little guests," answered Sunbeam.

All the beds looked up with interest for

they were lonesome for those guests. One bed whispered to its neighbor, "Oh, I hope I have that little lame boy as my pal—the little fellow who cried so hard the first night he slept in my arms. He had been taken away from his mother who had gone to a hospital for an operation. He was so afraid. Just think he might never see her again! The night nurse put her arms around him and tried to comfort him. She told him he must not be so unhappy—just think of all the little boys who had to stay in the hot city—some of them whose mothers were in hospitals, too, they didn't know about Mont Lawn."

"This quieted the little chap, because he remembered last year when his father had been in the hospital he had been left all alone—uncared for by anyone—his mother was so worried and busy being good to his father."

room flat in the basement of a big tenement house. The father was janitor of the building. A good enough father in his way but so tired at night that he found too easy relief from his troubles at a neighbor's nearby. He usually staggered home before dawn and fell asleep, not knowing until morning that his family had gone to bed supperless!

"Oh, wasn't that supper good. I had two cups of milk, did you?" asked Dora.

"Yes," answered her little neighbor, "and I had two slices of bread and jelly, did you?"

"On and on they talked until the night nurse, coming to see that they were properly covered, told them if they didn't go to sleep they would wake up and find that breakfast was all eaten. Poor little dears!"

Then from the other side of Sunbeam Cottage: "I had a little fellow as bed



"OH MAMA! I CAN SEE THE SKY!"

Courtesy New York Herald Tribune

Then a tiny voice from the corner, the smallest bed, almost a crib, spoke up, "And I hope that darling little curly-headed girl sleeps in my arms again. She wasn't lonesome! No, sir! The first night she came to Mont Lawn she and her next neighbor whispered together nearly all night. They were too happy to sleep."

"This little girl's name was Dora. She lived in New York with her father and three brothers. They all lived in a two-

companion whose heart must have been sick; it thumped so hard it frightened me—it sounded as though it was pumping for dear life."

"Oh that must have been one of those cardiac cases."

"What's cardiac?" chorused all the beds.

"Sick hearts. Three hundred little children whose hearts are in bad condition! It makes me weep just to think of it. Mont Lawn (Continued on page 63)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.*

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



LIVING DANGEROUSLY

LIFE is dangerous today. Life always has been dangerous, but life today is *our* concern and problem. Life today is dangerous for us whatever we would do or not do in the matter. We cannot escape the dangerous life. Even though we shut ourselves in our homes, we run risks that are greater than those of the open highway. Insurance companies tell us that one-third of all the fatal accidents occur within the family four walls, and that the family bathroom is the one most dangerous spot. Just to live is dangerous.

The principle has its application nationally and internationally. Some there are who advocate isolation for America—staying at home, in other words—behind “the family four walls” or frontiers. Well, it can’t be done! There are no longer dividing seas and separating continents. Truly the most remote tribe lives in and from our dooryard. And the principle that holds physically has also its more serious moral applications. Physical isolation, if it were possible, would become moral silence in the presence of selfishness and wrong. Here silence is consent and in a little while, and with only a slight shifting of the international position, consent becomes participation.

When a mighty Oriental power first threatened invasion of Manchuria, Secretary of State Stimson spoke a clear word defining American policy. He demanded the fulfillment of treaty obligations that would, we believe, have stopped before it fully started, the present mounting tide of international outlawry. But that word did not receive the support of Great Britain. Perhaps it seemed then that the occupation of Manchuria would protect and advance foreign trade interests. Now we know that occupation has destroyed foreign commerce in Manchuria.

BEFORE that threat of moral wrong, there was silence, and out of that silence has come the ravishment of Ethiopia, and the over-running of China. Attendant woes have not been limited to the peoples immediately under attack—to the tribes machine-gunned from their hiding places, and to the open cities bombed from the air. The spread of suffering has gradually taken on world proportions. Today there is an even wider and more sinister threat.

There have been times when, seeking to escape from a little danger, men have come upon greater disaster. Silence as an escape mechanism where moral issues are involved becomes presently an open door to disillusionment and disaster. Heaven has no promise of exemption here.

Would you call my attention to the silence of Jesus in the presence of his accusers? I am reminded that as a sheep before shearers He was dumb, not with fear, but with a colossal courage no figure of history has ever equaled. Silent He was before *His* accusers, but silent He never was in the presence of wrong or when confronted by the choice of personal safety at the expense of a righteous cause. Silent He never was when *others* were under attack.

Was He silent, when widows were robbed and when the orphan was despoiled? Was He silent when churchmen boasted of their legalism while they exploited the true worship? Was He silent when His healing would have been hindered by those jealous of His growing authority? Was He silent when the temple itself was corrupted? Was He silent before either high priests or money-changers?

He received the blows of Roman soldiers, a Roman crown of thorns, and a Roman cross, without a single protest. But one cry from the humblest of His people in distress brought from His lips a torrent of condemnation that presently changed the course of human history. And this same Jesus, because He would not

save Himself, found the comradeship of His heavenly father, and in that comradeship became sufficient for His ordeal. Empty He could not be. The load of the world He *must* carry. The infinite torture He *must* bear. But He won through the ordeal to demonstrate the way of victory for us all.

Man’s supreme search is not the search for safety and isolation. Man’s supreme search is for the will of God and the way of truth. And when a man finds God’s side in any issue, small or great, taking his position there, he cannot fail though his body dies and his name is forgotten. It is not the torture of pain at last that matters, nor do I speak lightly, for I have known the torture of pain: It is not the torture of pain that matters, but the ministry. Always there is or may be the ministry of pain.

Some experiences I have known would not care to repeat—nor would I have sought them—but they have left with me compensating values without which my life would be empty indeed. Freedom from suffering is not always an indication of God’s favor. Nor is success invariably a tribute to character. Perhaps the greatest successes of those personal ties the world chiefly remembers have been achieved in the flood and the fire rather than in some promised land, flowing with milk and honey.

Samuel Clemens, the beloved Mark Twain of literature, was greatest in failure. When his publishing house became bankrupt, he assumed the indebtedness—two hundred thousand dollars—and spent the closing years of his life in liquidating it. Mark Twain would be remembered for what he has written, but his place as character in history was written, not with his pen, but by his loyalty to a great ideal.

Perfect we are through suffering. Through the flood and the flame, people have advanced to the immortal triumph of the human race. It is in the valley of the shadow of death—death of health, perhaps, death of some great plan perhaps, death of our dearest perhaps—it is in life’s valley and shadow that we find the Lord of our souls.

So we shall achieve nothing by shunning danger, by attempting to isolate ourselves and hold aloof from the rest of the world. We must accept the world as it is today, with all its dangers and problems, and resolutely face our duty to ourselves and to the rest of the world.

On Broken Wings

A BROTHER of W. H. Hudson, a sheep farmer in a wild and lonely district on the southern frontier of Buenos Aires, once told him the following story. Immense flocks of upland geese, spent the cold months on the plains where he had his lonely tent.

One morning in August, in their early spring, some days after the flocks had taken their departure to the South, he saw on the plain, a pair of geese, male and female, a white and a brown bird. Their movements attracted attention and he rode towards them. The female bird was steadily walking in a southerly direction while the male bird, greatly excited and from time to time, calling loudly, walked a distance ahead and then turned back to see and call his mate. “Every now and



A Drawing by David Low, from "Low's Political Parade" (Cresset Press, London)

Courtesy N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"PHEW! THAT'S A NASTY LEAK! THANK GOODNESS IT'S NOT AT OUR END OF THE BOAT!"

en" says Hudson "he would rise up and fly for a distance of some hundreds of yards, and then discovering that she was not following he would return." Without quite understanding what was wrong, he was being loyal to his mate and in his helpless anxiety, kept urging her along. It was useless, for his mate had a broken wing. But feeling the migratory urge, they had set out on foot to the Magellanic islands, the goal of their migration. It is a touching picture, this of the bird called in by that imperative voice in his breast, yet refusing to forsake her, flying a little way, then returning to urge her to spread her wings, and more than a little perplexed at her refusal.

That beautiful loyalty of the bird, has recalled a famous and moving scene in the Antarctic, the return of Captain Scott and his companions from the South Pole. There was need for speed, but the going had to be slow, because of the desperate fight through illness and frostbite of one or two of their comrades. Those delays involved them all in disaster. "We might have got through," said Scott later, "if we had neglected the sick." But to comradeship, that was unthinkable. The loyalty of that story is not less stirring than its courage.

Nor is such loyalty only to be found among explorers in the Antarctic. It is more common than always recognized. There are loyalties just as beautiful in countless obscure places. One we know as just passed the window wheeling his life in a bath chair. She will never walk again. Such loyalty is one of life's lovely virtues.

Religious Books

WHILE lunching with Gene Exman, Editor of the religious book department of Harper & Brothers a few days ago, he remarked that there seemed to be no recession in the sale of religious books. Which leads us to believe that perhaps the pendulum has started to swing back toward more serious, more thoughtful reading. Even among purely secular books we find the best sellers in most cases not the purely sex novels, but rather biographies, historical novels and philosophical studies. The Bates Bible, Return to Religion and Joseph in Egypt have been consistently up among the leaders. Elsewhere in this issue you will find a list of the best selling religious books and a selection made by Dr. Foulkes, Dr. Speer and Dr. Poling of the best new books. It may well serve as a guide for your own reading.

Franklin on Prayer

THE great constitutional convention of 1787 was in session in historic Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The convention was so torn with dissension that the future was a matter of grave concern. It was freely predicted that a majority of the states would not ratify; or that the convention would adjourn without decision.

Amid this strained situation the venerable Franklin arose to make a conciliatory speech, and ended with a fervent appeal to seek the guidance and support of a Higher Power. Franklin had been given a seat in order that someone in whom they had confidence might preside whenever Washington was absent. His appeal made a great impression on the delegates. They

were shocked into a realization of where their acrimonious debates might be leading.

"Mr. President," said Franklin, "the small progress we have made after four or five weeks close attendance, is, methinks, melancholy proof of the imperfection of human understanding. How has it happened, Sir, that we have not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had in this room daily prayer for divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were graciously answered. To kind Providence we owe this opportunity of consulting in peace the means of establishing our future felicity.

"Have we forgotten that powerful Friend? I have lived, Sir, a long time, (Franklin died less than three years later,) "and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can arise without His aid?"


"I therefore propose that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

Before the convention adjourned, on September 17th, the present Constitution of the United States had been drafted. It was subsequently ratified by eleven of the thirteen states in the following year, more than the three-fourths necessary.

EDGAR WILLIAM DYNES

Right, the feudal Chateau at Sully-sur-Loire, still surrounded by its moat. Below, left to right, a sidewalk kiosk in Paris; Chateau Amboise, in whose corridors Benjamin Franklin strolled with kings; (on page 37) Chateau Blois, with its famed open, winding staircase; and at bottom, page 37, typical peasant with his donkey. Photos courtesy Compagnie Generale Transatlantique (French Line)

By B. A. DECKER

 GIVE me a morning to spare . . . a sidewalk restaurant . . . a cup of coffee and a brioche . . . a philosopher friend with whom to discuss everything under the sun—and I'll show you how to enjoy life, and living.

The setting, of course, would have a bearing on everything. Thus, it is not hard to guess that only in Paris could such setting be found. Not that people all over the world don't philosophize—but Paris, somehow, calls for philosophy.

And Travel is a philosophy; and your real traveler a philosopher.

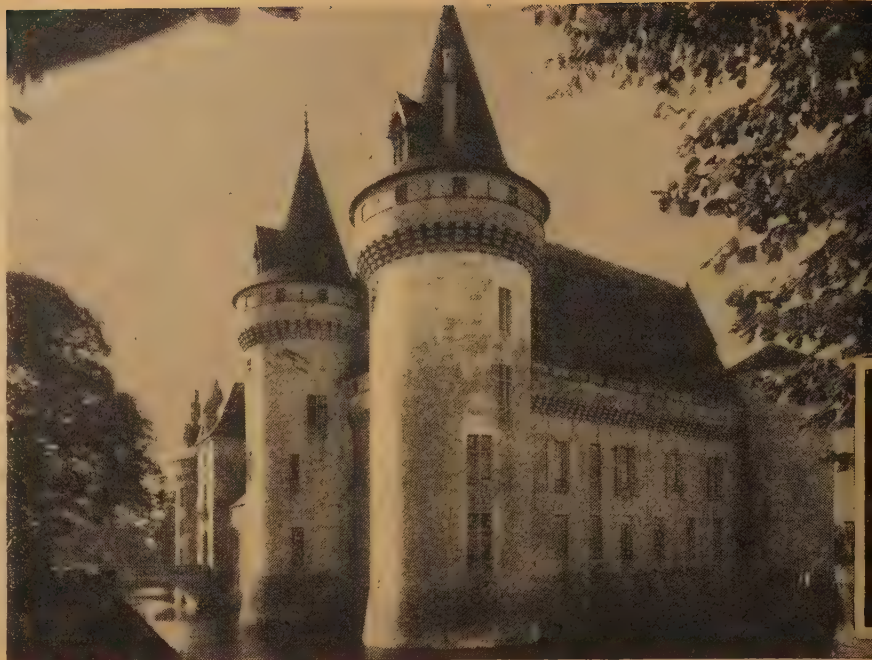
All of which, really, is bringing me to the point that every time June comes around I think of and remember Paris . . . Paris in the Spring . . . and everything that Paris means . . . rest and relaxation . . . and her ethical views on life.

To me, no other place offers so much opportunity for this as Paris—a veritable garden city with its 350,000 trees and 400 acres of public parks. Paris once again is coming into her own . . . and when this happens, in the late spring and early summer, Paris is incomparable. This summer will be such an one, for in addition to Paris itself there is the French Exposition and *les chateaux*.

There are many who think they know Paris because they have dined in her fashionable restaurants, attended her gay theaters, or climbed the hill to Montmartre. But to know that much of Paris is to know as little of Los Angeles as if one visited only the docks at San Pedro.

To the seasoned traveler or the one who would really know Paris there are the twisting, turning, dimly lighted streets; a hundred church spires that point like dark, accusing fingers into the midnight sky; the stillness of its walled gardens, and the chimes of those old clocks . . . chiming grown thin and sweet with centuries of ringing.

Your quick-stepping, sight-seeing tourist will be in his element at this time of the year; that is if you would describe "element" as a quick dash from the ancient Notre Dame to the comparatively new Madeleine . . . a dash to Les Invalides for a fleeting glimpse of the tombs of France's soldier heroes . . . then a rush over to and through the Louvre, and off to Versailles. Tomorrow they'll be in Fontainebleau . . . probably starting the



first chapter of a book on "How to See and Know Paris in a Day."

Don't be a sight "see-er." 'Tis better to see less and enjoy more, than to see everything and nothing!

Paris to be enjoyed must be taken leisurely. Saunter down some broad tree-bordered avenue, take a chance turning . . . and you'll more than likely find yourself back in the Middle Ages—on some narrow cobbled street where the buildings lean warily one against the other . . . a street that echoed to the hoofbeats of be-plumed knights and perhaps the soul-stirring call of "La Marseillaise."

One summer in Paris will enable you to store away a lifetime of memories. Museums, crowded with interest, yet outside of which no sight-seeing bus ever stops. The National Conservatory of Music and the little square piano on which Rouget de Lisle first played "The Marseillaise" in 1792; harpsichords by Hans Ruckers and many antique wind instruments; a Stradivarius violin bequeathed to the Museum

of Sarasate; and a cistre, exquisitely carved, which recalls the players of Angelico.

Victor Hugo, of course, must come to mind, and with him Place des Vosges and the Victor Hugo Museum in the house that was occupied by the poet from 1833 to 1848 . . . his desk . . . books . . . manuscripts.

And Place des Vosges has more to offer Victor Hugo. Under Louis XIII it was very fashionable, and the buildings which surround the gardens hold much of historic interest. Mme. de Sevigne was born at No. 1; Rachel, the great tragedienne, dwelt in No. 9; Cardinal de Richelieu lived in No. 21 in 1615. No. 28 is the Hotel d'Epinay, where Louis XV held many festivities; and during the reign of Louis XVI this chateau played its part in the decline of the monarchy.

Carnavalet Museum will well satisfy the Paris-history lover . . . paintings, drawings . . . engravings of popular and fashionable life in earlier periods.

personal relics of the great and near-great who lived and loved, and sometimes hated too, in Paris.

Then there's that old-world, quaint and charming museum of yesterday—the Galliera Museum, standing in its own little park. Inside it you relive some quartier of ancient Paris. Visitors this summer, feminine ones in particular, will revel in the History of Costume exhibition that has been arranged. The exhibition was organized by Maurice Leloir, founder of the French Historical Society, who has presented a picturesque collection.

Well, there you have but three excursions which aptly illustrate the charm of such chance turnings off the main highways . . . and there are scores of cobbled streets that lead to Memoryland.

Memoryland, too, must include shoe-buckles, gallant knights of the days of chivalry and romance. Thus, a sojourn in Paris is not complete unless you take in some of the chateaux . . . and there are seventeen of them within an hour's drive of Paris!

Hitherto an excursion to the chateaux of France has meant a trip to Touraine,

harbored fleeing knights, imprisoned enemies, too, and which still house descendants of that feudal lord who first rode full-panoplied into the castle courtyard and called to his varlets in true story-book fashion:

"Let the portcullis fall!"

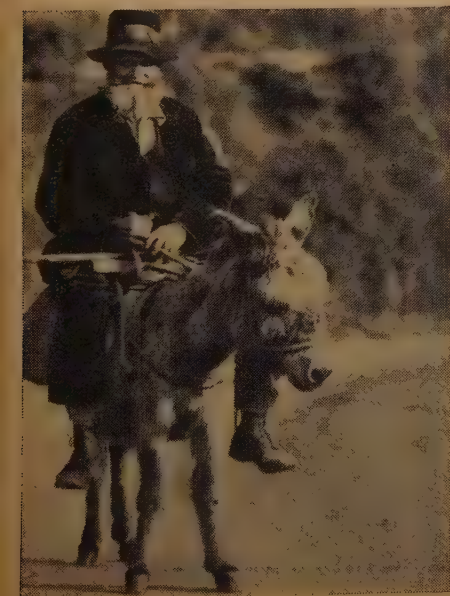
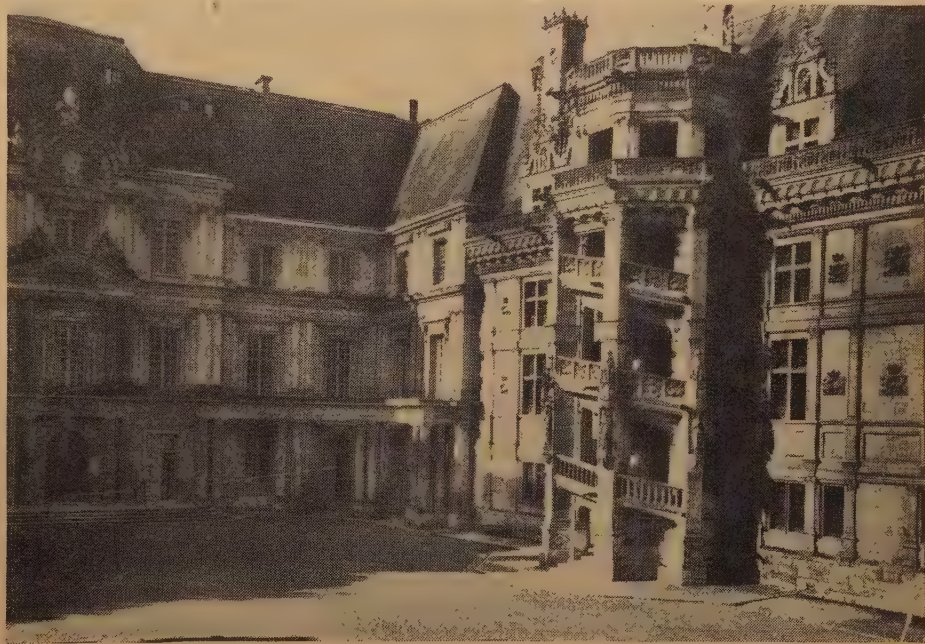
There are sixty-one of these chateaux on the list of the Historical Houses Association, which has its headquarters in Paris, and seventeen of the chateaux, as I mentioned previously are within an hour's drive of the French capital.

Among them is the Chateau de Grosbois, with its great park that begins just outside Boissy-St. Leger, fifteen miles from Paris. This chateau dates from the 13th Century, but the brick and stone edifice reflects the renovating hand of that great French Renaissance architect, Jules Mansart. There is a moat at the Chateau de Grosbois, but to most its chief interest lies in its Napoleonic relics.

Marchal Berthier, who afterwards became Prince de Wagram, presented the chateau to the Emperor in 1805. It is

FRANCE

Beautiful Land of Romance



where the palaces of kings are strung like jewels along the silver ribbon of the River Loire; Luynes and its round towers, the turrets and battlements of Chambord, Chenonceaux with its memories of Francis I; and Amboise, through whose storied corridors Benjamin Franklin once walked with kings.

However, the well-traveled roads that lead to Touraine are not the only French highways that begin in Paris and end in the Middle Ages. Nor are these famous State-controlled chateaux the only ancient and lordly residences open to the traveler.

Of recent time an association has been formed, known as the Historical Houses Association, with the object of opening to visitors some of the most interesting private chateaux in Europe.

Now on certain days visitors are conducted by an old servant or family retainer through the great halls and galleries of ancestral homes which have seen history in the making, have sheltered and

now occupied by a sister of the late Prince de Wagram, who was killed in the World War.

Napoleon's bed in the chateau is still covered with the green counterpane that he used. In the library are many of his despatches and plans of campaign. Jacob decorated the brown-paneled bedroom in which Napoleon slept.

Another interesting excursion within an easy run from Paris is that to the Chateau de Maintenon, forty miles southwest of the city, between Rambouillet—the summer residence of the President of France—and Chartres, seat of the famous cathedral.

The Duc de Noailles, president of the Historical Houses Association, opens his chateau to tourists every afternoon during the summer months, and here you may roam the great gardens planned by Le Notre, where Racine once sauntered; and may peep into the chateau's little chapel, unchanged since the winter of

(Continued on page 47)



June, 1938

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1

OUR ALTIMETER

BY TAKING HEED THERETO.
READ PSALM 119:9-16.

ON ALL of our travels Milady and I carry an altimeter, a scientific gadget which registers the height above sea level at which we may be at any given moment. It is useful for measuring mountains; and the opposite side contains a compass and a thermometer.

Thus we have a sure standard for determining three things. We are not dependent upon our personal impressions.

We also carry a spiritual gauge, the Bible, which tells us our soul's altitude, temperature and direction. Outward conditions change as we journey to and fro; but at all times and places this Book registers the real and essential truth. By its height and depth may be tested, and warmth and coolness of spirit; and the direction in which we are moving. For life's everyday traveling there is no altimeter, thermometer and compass like the Divinely corrected Scriptures.

We would take heed to our way according to Thy word, O Father. May it ever be our guide and counsellor. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2

THE WRONG APPROACH

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.
READ ROM. 13:1-10.

FOR a month I have been working at a journalistic job in Palestine, trying to find light upon this Zionist question. It would be easy and comfortable if I had the state of mind of some friends, who start out with a prejudice, and then print only corroboratory facts. Open-minded, I find myself in the midst of a mess.

In point of numbers, continuous occupancy of the land, and the rights promised by the Powers, the case is all on the side of the Arabs. In their world plight, in their religious heritage, in their wealth and efficiency, the Jews have a cause that may not easily be dismissed.

One decisive factor makes the situation seem utterly insoluble. That is the mutual attitude of bitterness. Jews and Arabs hate one another, and each seeks the other's hurt. That approach leads only to the rocks. The path to peace is the way of good will, sympathy, brotherliness.

So, also, lies the road to the solution of all of life's difficulties. Love alone is an adequate solvent.

In the midst of a fear-filled and hate-ridden world, we pray, O Eternal Father, that by Thy strong hand Thou wouldst guide us into ways of peace. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

JUST CAULIFLOWERS

CONSIDER THE LILIES.
READ MATT. 6:24-34.

WHEN we return home, and are talking with our friends about the weeks we have spent in Bible Lands, I am sure Milady will mention the cauliflowers. She has already done so repeatedly. It is the housekeeper in her, as well as the lover of beauty, that exclaims over these huge, symmetrical, and really lovely heads of cauliflower that the peasant women bring daily to the streets of Jerusalem. One favorite market is called "The Cauliflower Steps."

Seeing eyes delight in the little as well as in the large. There is beauty in the miniature, as well as in the huge canvas; in the flower by the wayside, as well as in the mountain; in the creamy cauliflower, as well as in the church dome; in the smile of a baby as well as in the strength of a man; in the lowly sacrifice for love's sake, as well as in the Crusades. The wisest Teacher bade us "consider"—think carefully and observantly upon—the lilies. I wonder if the Land produced these lovely cauliflowers in His day?

In Thy greatness, O God, we would learn to discern the beauty of the least of Thy handiworks. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

SHODDY BETHANY

JESUS WAS IN BETHANY.
READ MATT. 26:6-13.

SOME sites in Bible Lands are wholly unsatisfactory, even though genuine. One such is Bethany. There is no doubt about its location, just around the shoulder of Olivet; and if guides would be content to say that "This collection of miserable mud and stone houses and ruins marks the site of ancient Bethany," the visitor would be content. But no; they must show a subterranean structure (it was really once a house)

as the grave of Lazarus; and another as the home of Martha and Mary, and another as the site of the home of Simon the Pharisee. It is all too shoddy for words.

Unhindered meditation and imagination would find in the spot, with its false views, memories of the weary Saviour who loved to resort hither. Instead one's reverent mood is killed by stupid commercialism.

After all, the faith that must be sustained by relics and sites is not an adequate faith for these testing days. We need Christ Himself, whose presence is dependent upon no outward conditions.

"We would see Jesus," even though we may know naught of the scene of the days of His flesh. Make real to us, O Father, that which is spiritual. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

DIGGERS AND FLYERS

HE LOOKED FOR A CITY.
READ HEB. 11:1-10.

IN JERUSALEM one meets archaeologists, diggers in the long covered earth who find treasures of forgotten history. Theirs is a great quest.

And one meets pilgrims, plodders and soarers, in search of spiritual treasures whose souls fly high in this rarified atmosphere. Also scholars who speculate and study.

Still, the world's greatest company of seekers, to be found wherever mankind dwells, are those who obey the direction of Jesus: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Myriad upon myriads of them, in lonely homes and in crowded cities, are bent upon the supreme quest. This deep desire underlies all their worldly interests. They live chiefly to know and to do the beautiful. Will which is mankind's only hope.

May we, our Father, be of that number who seek first Thee and Thy Kingdom; well knowing that therein is comprehended all good. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 6

THE BIG FAMILY

THE SAME IS MY BROTHER.
READ MARK 4:31-35.

IN EGYPT I heard the tale of the death of an American acquaintance, who had amassed a fortune by dealing in

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

antiquities. He died without leaving a will, and there was no evidence that he had anywhere in the world a relative to inherit his money. After long search, some distant cousins were discovered, who had probably never heard of the existence of their benefactor.

That incident starts thoughts of the varied advantages of belonging to a big family. Quickly the mind leaps to musings upon the largest family of all—the folk of Christ. “For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.”

What a family! Consider the family likeness, and loyalty, and love; and all the ways in which it is blessing the world, while knowing the joy of fellowship. This is the world’s “leading family”; and it alone can lead the way out of the world’s present morass.

That we are members of the household of faith; members one of another; and members of Jesus Christ, is our ground of thanksgiving today, O Father in Heaven. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7

HE MISSED THE DEAD SEA

THE SIGHT OF THE EYES.

READ ECCL. 6:1-9.

LINDZEE is a fine missionary boy of ten, sojourning with his parents for a few days in our hospice. Yesterday the family went to the Mount of Olives, and Lindzee was keen to see the Dead Sea. So he climbed the tall Russian Ascension Tower, the highest point in the Holy Land. The ascent is too much for most adult legs, but Lindzee went to the very top.

Coming down, he reported, in disappointment, that he had missed the Dead Sea. He had looked afar for it, in the mountains of Moab, whereas it was almost at his feet. He had failed to see it because it was so near.

Lindzee’s lot was a common one. We look afar for what we desire, when, lo, it is right before us. What we most seek in life, its best rewards, may be found at our door.

Our prayer today, Heavenly Father, is for seeing eyes that in looking afar will not miss the joy that is near. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8

HE WAS THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

ON THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

READ 1 SAM. 16:1-13.

TWICE, in attending the Scottish church in Jerusalem, the Scripture Lesson was read—not very well—by an elderly man who had been seated in front of us. His hair needed the attention of a barber and his overcoat was rather shabby, and called for pressing. I felt sorry for him, for I pictured him as an unpeccunious Scot, probably filling a clerkship.

To my amazement and consternation, I learned on the third Sunday that this

was none other than Sir Arthor Wauchope, the High Commissioner of Palestine, ruler of the whole Land! The spruce young man alongside of him was his *aide de camp*, and not, as I had supposed, his son.

If he had only worn his brilliant uniform! Or if I had seen his beflagged and escorted car! Once more I had been deceived by outward appearances. The coat had concealed the nobleman. I had thought my fellow worshiper only a humble saint (which he is), whereas he is one of the world’s notables.

Anoint these blind eyes of ours, O Lord, that we may see beneath outward appearances the reality of life. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9

THE HUMAN TOUCH

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER’S BURDENS.

READ GAL. 6:1-10.

AT FIRST he was a government official stationed at Allenby Bridge, on the Jordan River. He was an English-speaking Arab; and after we had made some inquiries of him, we alluded to his handsome little boy, standing near. Then he became wholly the father, telling us of the other, younger son, who had been slain a few weeks before in a Jewish attack on a public bus containing Arabs. His grief opened our hearts, one to another.

Behind all official and formal exterior lies a human personality. When this is unveiled, we find ourselves brothers, one of another. Jesus was peculiarly heedless of the trappings of life. To Him, persons were simply persons—spirits in need of counsel and comfort. If we follow His way, we shall look upon every life we touch as a sensitive soul, with its needs, its sorrows, its hopes, its fears. Only on this common level of spiritual understanding can brotherhood come to pass.

Conscious of our own souls, we would meet all other lives, dear Father, in a mood of spiritual appreciation. Make us sharers of life’s deepest interests. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10

UNDERSTOOD

WHO SEETH IN SECRET.

READ MATT. 6:1-14.

IN A crowded Petrograd tram car, during the war, I arose to give my seat to a Russian woman. My friend and I had come to presume upon the complete absence of English that surrounded us day by day; so I said, flippantly, to the young woman, “Here, old girl, take my seat.”

“Thank you,” she replied in perfect English, accompanied by dancing eyes that appreciated my discomfiture.

I have never got over that little lesson. Now I assume, in whatever land I may be, that somebody near may understand my language.

We are always better understood than we know. Our true natures are per-

ceived, despite the masks we wear. There really is no use pretending. Our lives are open to the eye of God; and, in a far greater degree than we realize, to the eyes of those about us.

In simplicity and sincerity, we would walk as uncloaked spirits, O all-seeing Father; that we may be saved from the pitfalls of pretence. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11

AN ORIENTAL SWEET

SWEETER ALSO THAN HONEY.

READ PSALM 19.

IN CHINA we long ago learned to like sesame seed candy. So when I saw some yesterday in a Jerusalem street, I bought a piastre’s worth, and took it home to Milady—and regretted that I had not got five times as much. For it is more delicious than any of the expensive American candies with which generous friends loaded us as we sailed. It seems to be simply sesame seed and honey; but a fortune awaits the American manufacturer who markets it.

Only the Orient knows this toothsome morsel. Yes; and only the Orient knows some great usages that knit together the fabric of life. There are few things more stupid than the attitude of the occidental traveler who goes through the world boasting that his way is the only way; that his civilization is the only civilization; that his standards are the only standards.

He who will be an open-minded neighbor to all of life will find sweets tastier than even he had dreamed. So the person who will taste the delights of spiritual experience will discover satisfactions that sample worldliness never possessed.

There are pure delights that we have never known; Lord, incite us to “taste and see.” Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

AT THE SEPULCHRE

HE IS NOT HERE.

READ LUKE 24:1-12.

I CONFESS that I do not like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is too musty and dreary and suffocating with the atmosphere of superstition and ecclesiastical strife. Its congested “sites” affront my intelligence.

Nevertheless, I stand uncovered in respect and sympathy before the passionate pilgrims of many churches—nuns, peasants, Europeans, Asiatics—who, with the glow of another world upon their faces, fervently kneel and kiss the cold stones of the reputed tomb of Jesus; or the Stone of Unction upon which his body once lay; or the Rock that was Calvary. Their devotion is real and intense, and moving to behold. It is genuine, even if the sites are not.

After all, is there anything on earth more real and powerful than the spiritual experience of a devout soul in the realized presence of God?

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The Story of Samson

Told by Merna Gamble

This page is especially designed for children—or grownups—to color. This is a new department—Do you like it?

Read Judges, Chapter 13-16



The wife of Manoah bore him a son called Samson. When Samson went down to Timnath, a young lion roared against him; and the spirit of the Lord came upon Samson, and he rent the lion as he would a kid



When Samson had gone to the city of Gaza, the Philistines trapped him there one night and planned to kill him in the morning. But at midnight Samson arose and took up the gates of the city and carried them away



And it came to pass afterward that Samson loved a woman in the valley of Sorek named Delilah, and she pressed him daily until he told her the truth wherein his great strength lay



When Delilah saw that Samson had told her all his heart, she called together the lords of the Philistines, and while he slept they sent a man to him who shaved off all the seven locks of his hair



When his locks were shorn, his great strength went from him. And when he arose out of his sleep, the Philistines took him and put out his eyes and bound him with fetters of brass and took him to Gaza



And when they were gathered together to rejoice, Samson called unto the Lord for strength. Then he took hold of the two middle pillars of the house, and it fell upon all the people that were therein

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 39)

That so many seekers find Thee, and know Thee of a surety, incites our thanksgiving today, O thou Goal of all human hearts. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 13

THE SUK'S UNDERTONE

MOVED WITH COMPASSION.
READ MARK 6:33-44.

ALL morning long, as I sit writing or reading in our large upper room in the heart of old Jerusalem, there is in my ears the undertone of the *suk*, or bazaar streets, that meet below our windows. It is a constant murmur, made up of the cries of hawkers, donkey boys, camel-drivers, merchants and pedestrians. All blend into one soothing note.

I may be working upon grave political problems, or engrossed in devotional literature; but always it is to the accompaniment of the sound of this passing show of common human life.

The undertone is significant, and typical. For beneath all the events that make the headlines moves this ceaseless march of the everyday interests of ordinary people, whose life of labor and social relations must go forward, regardless of wars, disasters and affairs of state.

Jesus knew the sound of the *suk* as no modern preacher can know it. And He attuned His ministry to its needs.

May we, our Father, like Thy Son, be ever heedful of the undertone of humanity's everyday on-going, and mindful of its needs. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14

JERUSALEM BOYS

JESUS INCREASED IN WISDOM
AND STATURE.

READ LUKE 2:41-52.

AS FRIENDS of the Boy who once found this city a place of wonder, we are ceaselessly attracted by the boys of our streets. So many of them, as they play and work under our eyes, are handsome and winsome, reminding us of that other Boy whose home was the small town of Nazareth.

Did He, like them, have to take on early the burden of constant physical labor? We are appalled at the toil of these little children, working from the rising to the setting of a sun which they seldom see, in dark, cavernous bazaar workshops? Small children, with big baskets on their shoulders, thread the bazaars as hamals, seeking for loads to carry. Only the very little children skip and play and shout in merriment.

We are grateful that the spirit of that other Boy is lightening and brightening the lot of all childhood, the world around.

Tender Father, lover of little children, we pray for the childhood of the race, that they may come into their heritage of happiness and health, and power. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15

LIVELY OLD LADIES

SO IS MY STRENGTH NOW.
READ JOSHUA 14:6-15.

IN JERUSALEM I have met several lively old American ladies, mostly ex-missionaries, who seem to have settled here. I suspect them of being revolvers from the dull life of a small American community.

In Jerusalem they not only have the sacred associations of the place to gratify them, but they also find an outlet for their interest and activity in the churches, schools, missions, archaeological schools and other enterprises in which Jerusalem abounds. They can live here as cheaply as at home, and still be independent.

Why should not the closing period of life be full of juice, and of fresh engrossments? The years behind have prepared one to enjoy the experiences ahead. Appreciation is at its keenest. Religion means more than in youth. Tolerance has grown. In a word, it is often the venerable traveler who is best fitted for spiritual exploration and expansion.

May our crusading and pioneering hearts never grow old, O Lord. Make us like Caleb and Joshua and Moses; so that our latest years may be our best. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16

MUDDLED STATESMEN

WHOSOEVER WILL SAVE HIS LIFE.
READ MARK 8:34-38.

RECENT events in world statecraft have cried aloud a cardinal lesson for life to all who look deeply into their times. There have been two kinds of statesmen on the scene. The first, self-centered and "prudent," have sought safety first, and the welfare of their own nations, regardless of the fate of the world. The other group, a minority, have tried to keep flying the flag of international law and righteousness. They have felt a duty toward China and Ethiopia and Spain.

It is a picture of the old struggle that culminated on Calvary. He that would save his life or his nation, must be willing to lose it. Mere prolongation of physical existence is not an adequate goal for an immortal spirit. To keep the truth; to serve the weak; to follow Christ—herein alone is the secret of victorious living, for a man or for a nation.

God save us from short-sightedness and selfishness and cowardice. May we stand with Christ in our willingness to fling away life, for the sake of something better. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17

EARS ON THE DEFENSIVE

TAKE HEED WHAT YE HEAR.
READ MARK 4:21-25.

EVERY sensible person safeguards what he puts in his mouth. "All disease

enters by the mouth." Self-preservation makes us vigilant in this respect.

Jesus went further, and bade us set a watch upon our ears. He makes the listener responsible for what he hears. No matter if the radio is sending forth trash; and neighbors are talking scandal; and shop mates uttering profanity and filth. We are still the custodians of our own ears. We do not have to listen.

As newspaper men write, engrossed in their stories, and heedless of the tumult around them, so everyone may determine what he hears, at least with the inner ear of attention and interest.

Then there is the positive side to the injunction: we are to give heed that we hear sounds of love and beauty and reverence, the songs of birds, the charm of wise and kindly speech.

In all our listening to life, O Lord, may we ever have open ears for every sound of Thy voice, speaking through the sounds of everyday. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18

LIFE'S BURDENED ONES

ALL YE THAT LABOR.
READ. MATT. 11:25-30.

ONE needs to go to the Orient to catch the full significance of the words of Jesus about the heavy laden. Labor in the Occident bears no such burdens as may hourly be seen on the backs of hamals in the streets and highways of the East. Men and boys carry the loads of horses; and the trays and tins that the women bear on their heads would be heavy for a strong man's lifting.

So Christ meant the uttermost when He called the burdened ones to himself. Our loads, which seem to press upon our hearts to suffocation, are well within the compass of His invitation. His shoulders are strong enough to carry all cares for us.

In a material sense, the physical burdens on the backs of the world's workers are being lightened by machinery; we yet wait to see the greater load of evil passions and human suffering and need, shifted to the great Burden-Bearer.

We stagger and moan and complain beneath life's load, O Master; when all the while Thou art waiting to lift it, and give us peace. "Lord, increase our faith." Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19

SNOW IN JERUSALEM

UNTO THE HILLS.
READ PSALM 121.

WE AWAKEN today to find Jerusalem covered with a mantle of snow, the heaviest for many years. We peer out of our windows, but there is no Mount of Olives to greet our eyes. Snow and clouds shut out all but the nearest rooftops. Our lovely view, with all of its spiritual monitions, has disappeared.

Such is our spiritual life. Sometimes the fogs of mental languor, or the
(Continued on page 43)

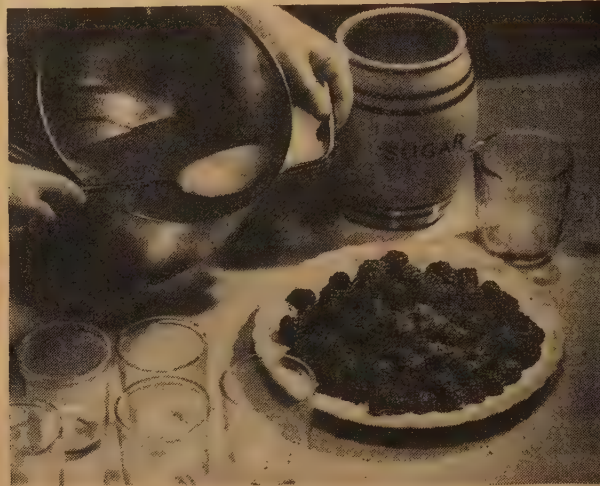
HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



Many hands make jelly profitable



There is nothing on the conserve shelf more delectable than the glass of ripe blackberry jelly

September's JELLY BAZAAR starts now with a jelly club

STRAWBERRIES turn dark and sweeten—capture their colorful glow in a strawberry jelly or jam. The raspberries turn scarlet, black. Use them in jellies, tender and quivering jellies to melt in the mouth. Cherries, blackberries, peaches, quinces, grapes and apples will be along before we know it. Start planning now for the summer's end and reap cash benefits for your church.

Plan a jelly bazaar. But not the last minute. Plan it now for next fall. Step number one is to organize a local Jelly-making Club . . . and let the platform, the rule book, and the motto be simplified into just five words: "It's *fun* to make jelly!"

Jelly-making hasn't always been fun. Before the modern, short-boil recipes came along, we stood over a hot stove for hours . . . now we follow an exact, scientific rule for jelly and it turns out a perfect product every time. We get more glasses from every quart of fruit, and the economy of the whole thing is as astonishing as the ripe-fruit flavor of the spreads themselves!

But about that Club. Madame Chairman, once chosen, will appoint a committee of ten to twenty women. Each member of her jelly-making group will pledge a certain number of glasses to the coming bazaar. Each time she sets her own jelly

aside to cool she deducts—say, three glasses. Hardly worth talking about!

The chances are that each committee member will average ten batches of jelly, jam, marmalade, or conserve during the summer. That makes 30 glasses to contribute to the sale. Now we're getting out of simple arithmetic into higher mathematics!

Homemade jelly is worth every penny of 15 cents a glass . . . \$4.50 for 30 glasses. If there are 10 members of the committee contributing in all 300 glasses, the Club will make a profit of \$45! But don't let a jelly bazaar be limited to jelly alone . . . call on the best cooks in town to make baked goods, too. Little jelly tarts and cookies, jelly-filled buns, cakes and pies, sandwiches and jelly-glazed meats, are best-sellers every time. But you can worry about these items next fall. It's the jelly that must be started now.

Here are some jelly recipes that turn out a spread, economical, delicious! Follow the directions exactly. Without half trying, your Club can make upwards of \$50 in a single day!

**RIPE RASPBERRY AND
STRAWBERRY JAM**
4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, grind about 1 quart

each fully ripe raspberries and strawberries, or crush completely one layer at a time so that each berry is reduced to pulp. Combine fruits.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit in a large kettle, mix well, and bring to a *rolling boil* over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and strain in bottled fruit pectin. Skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

MINT AND RHUBARB JELLY
3½ cups (1¾ lbs.) juice
1 cup (4 oz.) spearmint leaves and stems, packed
7½ cups (3¾ lbs.) sugar
Green coloring
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, cut in 1-inch pieces (do not peel) about 3 pounds rhubarb and put through food chopper. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Wash spearmint. Do not remove leaves from stems. Measure into large saucepan and press with wooden potato masher in glass.

Measure sugar and juice into saucepan and mix with mint. Place over hottest fire, and while mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. Use coloring which fruit acids do not fade. As soon as mixture boils, add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a *full rolling boil* and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, remove mint leaves and stems, and skim. To remove all trace of mint leaves, pour hot jelly through fine sieve into glasses. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes (Continued on page 5)

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 41)

ms of material self-engrossment, or dark gray veil of sin, obscures our on. We cannot see Olivet, or the rden of Gethsemane, or the figure of Saviour.

Nevertheless, the Mount of Olives l stands. It may be obscured for a y, but tomorrow's sun will reveal it. d whatever our own spiritual state, great realities of faith, and of a iour's love, abide. He changes not.

When sight fails, and faith flags, then Thou hold us fast, O changeless Fa- r. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 20

SHE PREFERS ESKIMOS

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.
READ MATT. 5:1-12.

N ALERT Swedish-American nurse been a delightful fellow guest in Jerusalem home. Her work is in a note Alaska island amongst the Eski- s. She is happy there.

After my graduation, I nursed in the althy families in West Chester Coun- But I could not stand it. One day I ught into my patient's room a great ful of American Beauty roses, such I had never seen before. But she was used to them that with scarcely a nce she said, 'Put them over in the ner.' Those folks had everything, appreciated nothing. It was an un- life. I prefer my Eskimos."

Perhaps we do not often enough pity poor rich, for whom the juice has e out of life; so that they are little ter than automatons in an artificial rld. At least we may be grateful that life is close to the simple realities labor and neighborly helpfulness.

We pray that Thy compassion, O cos- politan Christ, may touch and awaken lives submerged in mere things. And ke all of us content with our lot. en.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21

JUST GOATS

SHEEP FROM THE GOATS.
READ MATT. 25:31-46.

ONG-HORNED, long-haired, restive ck goats, in herds, are occasionally fellow wayfarers on Jerusalem's nar- y streets. One must turn aside for m, for they are not as docile as the ep so often met.

Small wonder the Scripture makes the t a figure of reprobation. It, more n any other agency, is responsible the deforestation of Palestine; be- se it destroys the young trees.

as Jesus said, life is divided into ep and goats; into providers and de- yers. Every one must choose to ch flock he will belong. For at choice goes by forever, twixt that arkness and that light, ts the goats upon the left hand, and he sheep upon the right."

We would be of those, our Father, who have won the favor of Christ; and are counted as sheep of His flock. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22

FOR THE ARCTIC NIGHT

GATHER ALL THE FOOD OF THESE GOOD YEARS.
READ GEN. 41:25-45.

OUR nurse friend from Alaska is hav- ing a royal time in the Holy Land. At home she is completely shut off from the world for nine months in the year.

Now, beneath Syrian skies, she is stor- ing up memories for the long Arctic night. She says she will recall, one by one, her travel experiences, and read books about what she has seen, and re- lay her new interests to her Eskimos.

That is wisdom and a good life pro- gram. Our acquisitive years should be crowded with experiences which it will be a joy to remember, when active days are over; or when sequestered by sick- ness or other misfortune. If youth but understood, how busy it would be in storing up the grain of the fat years for the lean years to come.

Our Father in Heaven, Thou hast dower- ed our lives with abundance; and we pray for understanding, that the Provi- dences of today may be our provender for tomorrow. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23

THE PLACE AND THE SPIRIT

THE HOUR COMETH.
READ JOHN 4:19-26.

HOLY places do not necessarily create holy moods. Doubtless the most sacred spot on earth is this old city of Jerusa- lem; yet nowhere else in the world is there concentrated so much religious bitterness and bigotry and rivalry. Three faiths count the spot holy—and all three display toward one another a spirit that is the antithesis of religious. The hatred between Moslems and Jews makes Pal- estine the center of one of the world's gravest and most insoluble problems.

What did Jesus foresee, when He in- sisted that worship is not primarily a matter of place, but the spirit? The lonely Christian in a hall bedroom may draw nearer to Christ than the pilgrim making the round of Jerusalem's holy places. We may seek for Him in vain today in the Temple Area; and yet find Him where two or three disciples are praying together in His name.

O Thou who inhabitest eternity, and yet madest Thy home in humble human hearts, we pray that we may know Thee and worship Thee, in spirit and in truth. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24

NEIGHBOR TO ANTIQUITY

A THOUSAND YEARS.
READ PSALM 90.

OUT here in the Holy Land, hob-nob- bing with archaeologists, one's mind

must become accustomed to a new time terminology. When a friend speaks of "the tenth century," or "the eighteenth century" he means that period before Christ. His world is one of antiquity. The places and history of ancient days are his sphere. The other day an ar- chaeologist adopted an almost apologetic tone for the modernity of a recent re- markable Nabatean find in the land of Moab: it was dated only about 150 B.C.!

I find this atmosphere provocative of philosophical calm. Long perspective keeps one from getting too excited about current events. It is wholesome to re- member that history has been long in the making; and that God takes His time about things. The gallery of the centuries is filled with portraits of saints and sinners, heroes and poltroons, op- pressed and oppressors—and over all a Deity who is working His purposes out.

The eternal years are Thine, O God, for the doing of Thy sovereign will; and we are content that our times are in Thy hands. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25

LOST IN JERUSALEM

I AM THE WAY.
READ JOHN 14:1-14.

LAST night I got lost in Jerusalem: for in no city is it easier to lose one's self. After I became aware that I did not know where I was, I applied to a na- tive policeman, who spoke little English. I followed his instructions, and soon I was beyond the zone of Bazars and lights, I knew not where. Then two po- licemen challenged me with, "Where are you going?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

"You are at the gate of the Mosque of Omar"—a forbidden place at night.

Again I was given directions, which led, not to the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, but to the Damascus Gate. This was known ground, however, and I was soon home; having traversed a large part of Jerusalem.

It was all because I had been so en- grossed in the evening life about me that I had missed my first turn. Like many a life, I had gone all wrong because I had been too intent upon the immediate circumstances to heed my path.

Weary and heavy-footed have been our spiritual wanderings, O Father, be- cause we have been blind to the way that leads home. Guide Thou our steps. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

THE WALL FELL DOWN

THE WALL FELL DOWN.
READ JOSH. 6:15-21.

DESPITE the modern theories that Old Testament history is a lot of folk- tales, written more than a thousand years after the events described, the stern fact remains that the walls of Jericho did fall down in the manner recorded in Scripture. Dr. Garstang, the archaeolo- (Continued on page 62)



METHODISM MARCHES ON

(Continued from page 24)

eenth century, "Its soul was extinct; its stomach well alive."

Across the paths and bypaths, lanes and avenues of such a century came the Wesleys with a note of inward confidence and spiritual power, fresh from the inward glow of Aldersgate, to publish the Good News in the face of the sun. They came singing,

"What we have seen and heard
With confidence we tell
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

They came speaking as men with a spiritual authority. Kipling said of Jesus, "He spoke so that the words became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of his hearers." The certain words of the Wesleys walked up and down in the hearts of their hearers, bringing forth a certain fruitage for the centuries lying yet in the womb of the tomorrows. The Wesleys did not lay stress on a new type of ecclesiasticism. Nor did they present a new brand of theology. They did emphasize the necessity of Christian experience, and boldly and effectively preached a conscious experience of Christ, the witness of the Spirit, the warming of the heart. Modern Methodism continues to follow in that train, proclaiming, "Ye must be born again—and if Christ is within the heart of the believer, the believer will know it."

The preaching of the Wesleys was received heartily on the one hand, and attacked bitterly on the other. They went out, new men in God, to assist in leading a century to Christ, and in turning back the tidal waves of corruption and unconcern. When the churches of England were closed to them, they took to field preaching. When the Rector of the Parish Church of Epworth, which was once served by his father, and in which he once served as curate, refused to allow John to preach in that beloved edifice, he proceeded to ascend his father's tombstone and use that as a pulpit, while his fellow-townsmen looked on with appreciative approval. Wesley stopped to organize his congregations into "societies," lest the seed which he had sown be thrown to the wind. He did not go out to organize another church, but to preach, and almost unconsciously, found himself with a church on his hands. In chaise and on horseback this "horseman of the Lord" traveled his parish some 250,000 miles. He was marching on—on, and on. He stopped to write some 233 original works on various subjects and abridged or edited as many more. Then he marched on. He traveled to Scotland twenty times; to Wales twenty-four times; to Ireland twenty-one times. But out of Ireland came Philip Embury and Barbara Heck who conducted the first "Methodist meeting" in New York City. Out of Ireland came Robert Strawbridge to begin his labors in Maryland on Sam's Creek in Carroll County. Methodist historians claim the labors of these Irish[?] Methodists as the first in the States, and enjoy discussing with each other which of these historic spots was really the "first" of American Methodism—Maryland or New York?

Methodism marched on in the States,

irrespective of the fact that Methodist missionaries got to this country long after other representative denominations had already unfurled their flags in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Came a voice from Englishman Francis Asbury to John Wesley: Send some one over here to America to organize us into a church. When we want the Sacrament we cannot receive it from the hands of our own preachers, for they are not yet ordained—there is no one of our denomina-



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tional following to ordain us—we have to go to other churches for the Sacrament. John Wesley, hearing this call, and knowing himself to be a presbyter in the church of England, proceeded to consecrate one Thomas Coke, brilliant, wealthy Oxford graduate and scholar, and missionary-minded clergyman. He consecrated him to the office of a superintendent, with powers to consecrate others to that same office. In Barrett's Chapel, in Southern Delaware, the "Cradle of Methodism," in the year of 1784, Francis Asbury was preaching, and into that congregation walked this little missionary, fresh from the

consecrating hands of Father Wesley in England. They were so overjoyed they kissed in their salutation. Immediately plans were laid for the far Christmas Conference, of 1784, where sixty preachers were summoned by John Asbury, a native Marylander who came to Baltimore for the organizing Conference. Mr. Wesley approved it though he lived and died a member of the Church of England. Had wiser ecclesiastical statesmanship, and more Christian patience been used, no doubt the Methodist church would never have been organized, and would have remained a static part of the Church of England. Yet, Methodism today with her millions of members and powerful forces marches humbly and expectantly toward the gates of union.

Francis Asbury was consecrated to the general superintendency of the Methodist Church, in Lovely Lane Chapel, the site of which is now marked on Redwood Street, in Baltimore. Some one called him "Bishop Asbury," and the name continues to be used. In Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, is located "the Bishop's Lot" where rest the immortal dusts of Bishop Francis Asbury, Robert Strawbridge, Emory, George, and others. These men were permitted to return to earth at this writing they would be among the Methodist hosts which gathered in May in historic sessions in the Methodist Church, Birmingham, Alabama, at the General Conference, the quadrennial law-making body of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which branch separated from the original Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, on account of the slavery question, in favor of the proposed Plan of Union. This branch is the youngest branch of American Methodism which voted favorably on the proposed plan of Union, the other two being the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Protestant branch which separated from the mother church in 1820 on account of the matter of lay representation.

When Methodism unites in America it will become an organization with more than 8,000,000 members and 29,000 ministers. It will be the world's largest Protestant church, though the desire for unity is not for a mere bigness, but for spiritual strength. A United Methodist Church presents to a needy world, perplexed by spiritual, material and ecclesiastical problems, a church of many wholesome combinations. For Methodism has ever had a combination of campmeeting "straw" and the "mourner's bench," a warm heart and a cool head, a collegiate culture and a quaking evangelism, an evangelistic gospel and a social passion, a faithful fearlessness and an impassioned heroism, an allegiance to truth and an open mind, a program of moral reform and a devotion to sobriety. "The Methodist Church," this being the proposed new name of the united church will offer to her fellow Christians a churchmen a cordial fraternalism, saying, "If thy heart be as my heart, then give me thy hand. In this simple faith Methodism marches forward into the gates of the tomorrows to greet the day with a confidence with a holy faith and with an unquestioning confidence.

(Continued from page 21)

suddenly becoming business-like. "Everything sold in the shop goes to charity, you know."

"No," said Nella, "I can't buy it. I'm only a stenographer. But I was so interested I couldn't help asking. Thank you. . . ."

But Mrs. Salesby was off again with her basket, and Nella was already forgotten.

Nella stood still a moment then went back to the open shop window for a last look at the little dress. She put out a hand and touched it—a seventy-year-old dream never realized. What was it Mrs. Salesby had said. . . . "It couldn't happen nowadays?" It *shouldn't* happen nowadays.

Down the street she went to meet Bob, on flying feet.

"The dress—" she said incoherently, "I know all about it now. It's the most dreadful thing you ever heard. . . ."

"Hey, you're all excited," calmed Bob. "What happened—did they both die? It would have to be a ship or a railroad or a carriage accident in those days."

"No," said Nella. "They didn't die—they *lived*. Fifty years, Bob. Wanting each other. He lost his money and never could make more."

"Wow!" said Bob, with a low whistle. "Gets you, doesn't it? Fifty years. Maybe after a while they *didn't* want each other. Nella—let's not take a chance like that. Let's not take the risk—Oh, Nella—would you—could we—?"

"That's what I was running to say to you," said Nella, blue eyes wide. "We can both live in your room—I can bring my tea-table and my lovely linens the girls gave me at the shower—we can have little delicatessen suppers by the fire—and I can make new curtains—and we can buy just a few of the pink dishes—and your chair—"

"It's not good enough for you, though," said Bob miserably. "It's three flights up. It's cold in winter and it's hot in summer. And the food is really terrible—" He stopped right in the middle of the walk and looked at her. "Oh, Nella, you're sure you won't mind?"

"You've been living there for three years to save the money for the apartment," she told him. "Come on, we mustn't stand here," she giggled. "Now I'm going to live there, too, and help you save the money for the apartment all over again."

"Nella," he said, as they swung into step again, "I'll work so hard."

They came to the little Thrift Shop crowded now with people. In the window the satin dress hung straight and prim. They stood close to the pane and looked at it.

"Honey," said Bob, his arm about her shoulders, "do you want a white satin dress to be married in? I could buy you that."

Nella began to laugh. "No," she said. "There's just one thing I want to be married in—" she pulled his sleeve; "Bend down so I can tell you in your ear. . . . In a *hurry*," she said distinctly.

Right there in the glare of the lighted window, right in the face of the white satin wedding gown, oblivious to stares and glares, lost in the moment, they kissed.

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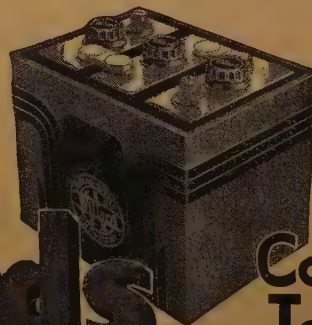
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(Continued from page 15)

"British honor, my boy. We promised to do a job when we took over the Palestine Mandate of the League of Nations, and we'll keep our promise. We'll muddle through, somehow. But it's the most difficult muddling we've ever had to do, because nobody anywhere seems to understand what we're up to."

"And what are you up to?"

"Well, some say we're up to no good for anybody but ourselves. Of course, there is a selfish interest in all this. But we're here for something better than that. We don't need to spill blood to get a hold here. We could buy it with good British gold, and save our good British blood. What we're really up to is something vastly different from this. An obligation has been laid on to us to see justice done in Palestine. We believe that the place is sacred to all three faiths, and the exclusive property of no one of them. It shouldn't be dominated or controlled by either Jew, Christian or Moslem. We are here to see that all three have their rights protected. And our reward so far has been to have all three misunderstand us."

"The Arab hates us because we are protecting the Jew, who has as good a claim to the land as he has. The Jews are for us, of course, for without us they would be annihilated. But they want us to get out the minute they think they are strong enough to take over the whole show! And here we are, with a divided opinion behind us, and the Arabs and the Jews fighting all around us. We're in a bad spot."

"Will the Jew and the Arab ever make up and be friends?"

"Never! An Arab is an Arab, and nothing will ever make him anything else. It's pathetic, sometimes, to watch him. He is a fanatic for Islam, but when you sit down with him and try to find out what he knows about Islam, you're amazed to find out that he knows almost nothing about it. He can be aroused to a murderous fury in five minutes time by one dervish or agitator; mobs of a thousand, ten

thousand, are whipped to mass murder a matter of minutes. There is nothing intelligent or reasonable about it. It emotion gone crazy.

"The Jew is no fanatic. He is desperate. He is being driven across the face of the earth, from Germany to Roumania, Austria to—where? 'To Palestine!' says. This land seems like their last sort, their only haven, and they come droves, to fight the Arab for a toehold existence. It's their last desperate hope. Peace? Not here, for years to come."

"What about this Italian propaganda we read about?"

"Nonsense. There isn't any Italian propaganda. The Arab hates the Italian more than he hates us."

Hassan is a Christian Arab. His father was once a minister; now father is eighth and blind, and Hassan conducts family prayers and Bible-reading. He knows the Bible as well as any Christian I have ever known. Especially does he know the prophecies which hold that the Jews shall be driven out; and that saying of Jesus, "The meek shall inherit the earth." Hassan is one of the meek in Palestine; one of the meek 100,000 Christians who are worse off than Jew or Arab. He loves neither. He detests both. He wants only to be let alone.

"We Christians live in constant terror," he told me. "The Moslem hates us, since we have accepted Christ. Every moment we find our lives threatened. We dare not sell and try to get away; we'd never get away. We dare show no sympathy with either faction. Our hope lies in the British."

"Do you think the British will leave Hassan?"

"Never. They will stay here, forever. In our hearts, we are all sure of that. So this for me to your Christians in America: *This thing will end by Palestine becoming a British colony.*"

Well, there it is. This is what is happening in the Holy Land, straight from the mouths of Ali, Josef, Tommy and Hassan. I have told you nothing of what I think; this is *their* story.

It seems to count up to this: the hope of Palestine lies in neither of the religious sects, but squarely on the shoulders of Tommy Atkins and unhappy England. The whole situation is surrounded by "it's":

If England gives way a little to the demands of the Arabs, some semblance of peace may come.

If England continues to protect the Jew, the Jew is safe.

If the golden flood of money continues to pour in to support the "Orphan Asylum," then Tel-Aviv and the lonely settlements on the plains will go on.

If, if, if. It is all anyone can say. Meanwhile, I think the Christ who hallowed these holy hills with his footsteps must be looking down even more heart-broken than He was that day when He sat on the high hill beyond the city gates and looked down upon the troubled, tortured, blood-bathed City of David and cried out in the agony of His soul, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

If Jerusalem only would!



(Continued from page 37)

5-86 when it was the scene of the wedding of Madame de Maintenon and Louis V. Have we forgotten Madame de Pompadour? Of course not, and particularly since Chateau de Champs, between Noisy le



Arc de Triomphe, Paris

and Lagny on the River Marne to east of Paris, also has been opened to tourists. To say "exceeding loveliness" is only way I can think of describing the dens of La Pompadour's chateau. They are just that. And should you ponder out this way mark well the Chinese drawing room, planned by La Pompadour herself as a setting for her beauty. There are still more. You will see them, and in seeing them know and enjoy France and Paris better than dashing here, thither and yon.

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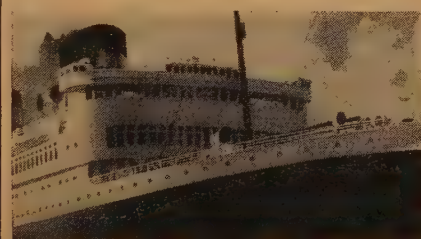
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Newcomers for the '38 Garden

At left, Rome Glory Rose, claimed to be the finest red rose the world has ever seen. Center, the new Buddleia, "Charming," a lovely lavender pink. Right, the beautiful hybrid Chrysanthemum, "Symphony," mauve rose overcast with soft coppery rose

By Romaine B. Ware

FEW of us can accommodate all the vast throng of new plant varieties the catalogues offer each year, so we must choose from among them those which best fit our situation. Your garden may especially need some of the wonderful new chrysanthemums or maybe it's roses you should add this spring. Annuals, of course, are always offered in new varieties and you'll surely want some of them. And the new perennials—several are most important. All in all, it's the new things we add from year to year that keep garden interest at a high pitch.

Among roses there is a grand new red one, "Rome Glory," claimed to be the finest red rose the world has ever seen. It's truly perfect in bloom and behavior. Salmon pink, "R. M. S. Queen Mary" has already won six gold medals and takes a most honored niche in the realm of rose royalty.

For sheer brilliance of color, flame-scarlet "Brazier" is wellnigh tops. And it grows and blooms with an excellence equal to its ravishing color. The list of new roses could be greatly extended with such good things as "Orange Triumph," "Alice Harding," "Topaz," "McGregry's Pink" and "Elegance." They are all good, get them if you have the space.

Any consideration of roses should not overlook the extremely hardy group formerly classed as Hybrid Polyanthus. A new term for them is Floribunda Roses, a most happy naming because they are so profuse and ever-blooming. Especially are they ideal for mass effects. Among those classed as Floribunda are "Snowbank," "Smiles," "Carillon," "Anne Poulson" and others. You'll find them most worthy for garden effect.

Among the leading families, chrysanthemums have made the new flower headlines most consistently in recent years and praises of their high qualities are well merited. If you've not added some of the wonderful new kinds, especially the Korean Hybrids, you are missing one of the fall garden's greatest thrills. No longer need

the fall borders lack brilliancy. 'Mums in a glorious galaxy of hue and tone make them never-to-be-forgotten pictures.

New this year is a beautiful hybrid, "Symphony", mauve-rose overcast with soft coppery rose. "Lovely" fails to do it justice. "Mandarin" is a coral salmon copper and bronzy gold blend in delightful combination. For rich velvety crimson, try "Caliph," almost jewel-like in the perfection of its iridescent blooms.

Single 'mums are always charming and the Chinese red "Saladin" is a sparkling gem. "Tangerine" and "Pygmy Gold" are colored as their names indicate. They'll add variety to any garden. An early yellow bronze to reddish orange, "Mrs. Stephen Van Hoesen" will open ahead of most varieties and has true quality.

Each year sees so many new chrysanthemums offered that one could hardly plant all of them. And they're such a temptation with their brilliant colors and perfection of bloom. Besides the above, three others especially appealed to me in last fall's test plantings, namely, "Silver Tips," a bright carmine with tips and reverse of petals a lovely silvery white; a profusely blooming single, "Autocrat," orange-scarlet with a yellow halo; and "Pink Spoon," shell pink as its name indicates but with definitely spoon or semi-quilled shape petals. All are lovely, especially the latter which is unusual and charming in the garden.

We should not leave chrysanthemums without taking notice of the new annual variety, "Golden Crown," which may easily be had from seed and blooms from mid-summer till frost. We might note also that seed is available of the new hardy



Courtesy Jackson and Perkins

'mums but they must be started early. Good-sized plants are wanted for year's blooming. Growing hardy 'mums from seed may easily become a most absorbing hobby, worthy of any garden's best efforts.

Hybrid Delphiniums have been a tremendous gamble in most parts of the country but California has now given a new strain, "Giant Pacific Hybrid Delphinium," which is said to be happy even in trying situations. Reports from all sections seem to give them great promise. You'll want to try them by all means.

Buddleias are listed with perennials though they are shrub-like in growth. This year sees a new one offered "B. Charming," a lavender-pink which in some lights looks almost pure pink. It's truly a lovely touch and a distinct addition to this gay family.

Everyone loves forget-me-nots and you'll like the deep pink of the new comer "Forget-me-not Beauty" and the continuous blooming "Carmine King." These Myosotis are dwarf growing, delightful for bedding.

Rudbeckias have distinct charm both in the garden and for cutting, and now the color range is further extended to include oranges, yellows, deep mahogany bronze. The flowers resemble the terraced Gerberas of the greenhouse.

The valuable family of hardy asters again in the limelight. A fine new one of lavender-blue is (Continued on page

HERE'S WHY JAMS AND JELLIES MADE WITH CERTO TASTE SO MUCH BETTER... COST SO MUCH LESS!



JUST COMPARE THESE TWO METHODS!

THE OLD WAY

1. Mrs. A, after cleaning and crushing her berries, was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

2. The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice that Mrs. A got from her berries (4 cups). The strawberries cost 17¢ a quart—2 quarts 34¢.

3. Mrs. A added 2 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 6¢ per lb.—2 lbs. 12¢.

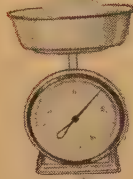
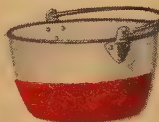
4. Following the old "pound per pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

5. When Mrs. A poured her jam, she found she had 6 glasses. The cost:

Berries.....	34¢
Sugar.....	12¢
	6) 46¢
	7 2/3¢

The 6 glasses Mrs. A made cost an average of at least 7 2/3¢ per glass.

6. It took 45 minutes for Mrs. A to make her 6 glasses. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.



WITH CERTO

1. Mrs. B was ready to start her jam making at nine o'clock, too.

2. Mrs. B, using the same quantity of strawberries (2 qts.), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries cost 17¢ a quart—2 quarts 34¢.

3. Mrs. B added 3 lbs. of sugar (an extra lb. because she knew none of her fruit juice would boil away). The sugar cost 6¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 18¢.

4. Mrs. B simply brought her fruit and sugar to a tumbling boil, boiled for 3 minutes, removed from the stove, and added 1/2 bottle of Certo (the jelly-fying substance of fruit in concentrated liquid form). At 25¢ per bottle, the half bottle Mrs. B used cost about 13¢.

5. Mrs. B got 10 glasses of the same size from her berries. The cost:

Berries.....	34¢
Sugar.....	18¢
Certo (1/2 bottle)...	13¢
	10) 65¢
	6 1/2¢

The 10 glasses cost only 6 1/2¢ per glass. Note how Certo pays for itself in increased yield... saves time and fuel, too.

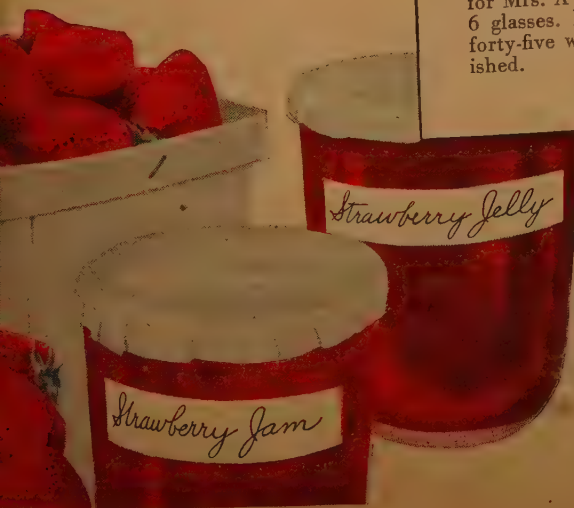
6. Mrs. B's 10 glasses were made in 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen. And it had cost her nothing to use Certo!

CERTO IS A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

FREE RECIPE BOOK!

Under the label of every bottle of Certo is a book of tested recipes for jams and jellies. Different fruits require different handling. Therefore Certo gives you a separate recipe for each fruit... Be sure to follow each recipe exactly.

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1938



(Continued from page 25)

ANY CHILD COULD KEEP A TOILET CLEAN AND PURE



No MORE scrubbing toilets. No more smelly disinfectants. You don't even touch the bowl with your hands. SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets.

Just dash a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and that's all there is to it! Stains and spots vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can reach is purified. The bowl glistens like new. SANI-FLUSH can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



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shall wait and see! Personally, I think all will be well. But, fascinating as a Continental tour may be, to all of us who speak English, the British Isles must remain inexhaustibly interesting—so why worry about dangers. We are as safe as churches, here!

And speaking of war rumors, I must admit that we are in the throes of a border warfare here at Hearthstone. Danny, Mrs. Searle's Scotty, has taken a hate to Cnüt, my Great Dane. There is no doubt but that Danny thinks of himself as a lion. And thinking so, he attacks Cnüt on sight. We can't account for it, because Cnüt obviously dotes on the small Scotty. Mrs. Searle says it may be jealousy on Danny's part. It may be so. Danny may have brooded about Cnüt's popularity in the house until he has decided he'll endure the behemoth in my study no longer. Anyhow, it is evident that he would kill Cnüt, if Cnüt would only consent to stand still and be gnawed to death!

We didn't realize how seriously Dan was making war medicine until one day, several months ago, Cnüt walked out the back-garden door with me following. Instantly, a screaming black streak rushed the length of the garden, leaped and caught Cnüt by the lip and hung there. Cnüt braced his legs and humped his back with a frightful growl but made no attempt to attack the little demon, while we forced Dan's jaws open and Mrs. Searle rushed him away. But Cnüt was angry, and we all agreed that if Dan drove him too far, he might forget that he's a gentleman and kill the smaller dog. Ever since that episode we've tried every known method of pacifying Dan, but in vain. If any of my readers has had experience of this kind and has discovered a remedy, I wish he or she would write me about it.

As if we hadn't enough in the way of rows on our hands, what with dictators in Europe and Danny in the kitchen, didn't one of our neighbors think we ought to add another explosive to our collection! The other evening, Miss Monica rang our doorbell and asked if we'd take in her aunt's cat, Tiggy. Tiggy is a fine old warrior of some six doughty years, having only three legs but not in the least minding that. He is a mighty hunter, but he also is very large and when full-fed always makes for Aunt's green house or garden and lies down on what-

ever happens to be the pet plant of the moment. Aunt has warned Tiggy and the world at large, time and again, that he kill one of her plants just once too often. And so, on this very evening as ever when Miss Monica met Aunt coming down the lane with a covered basket and in the basket was Tiggy, on the way to the chemists to be chloroformed!

And Miss Monica pleaded for a reprieve of twenty-four hours in which to find a home for Tiggy where gardeners don't care! The reprieve was grudgingly granted and Miss Monica tried Hearthstone first, because, she said, she had a cat of her own who would fight Tiggy. As we were known, especially the Searles, to be animal lovers.

"Don't you dare to tell the Searles about Tiggy or bring him on the place," I warned Miss Monica. "Don't you know that once an animal arrives here, nothing will induce Searle to part with it. And we are rapidly turning with a Noah's Ark. Somebody gave us goldfish and one turned out to be a female. So our pond is like a sardine can with young fish. And someone parked two love birds for us. One is a female and she's gone broody. Someone else gave us canaries and one is a female as prolific as a Plymouth Rock hen. One of our two cats is a female and—"

Miss Monica interrupted me. "But Tiggy is a male."

"I don't believe it!" I said rudely. "Anyhow, the point is that every inch of space at Hearthstone is needed for our natural increase. So Tiggy can't come! And I don't want to see him. I'd keep him, myself."

"He is own brother to your own Dutch cat," said Miss Monica.

"Go away!" I opened the door. "Our two cats would kill him, brother or uncle or own niece or what-not! Don't you dare open the basket!"

Miss Monica laughed heartily and departed with Tiggy. I was sure that if I was firm enough she would keep Tiggy herself. And so she has! And Aunt went off on a visit to Switzerland and a few days later, Tiggy went to call on his home and had a lovely nap in a bed of tiny fragile seedlings of rare rock plants.

All is well at Hearthstone, in spite of these stern rumors. I have just finished a novel which Penn has typed for me and we are going to rest ourselves by a little trip to London about which I will write you, next time.

THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE

By Frank Knowles, Jr.

There's a little white house at the turn of the road
Where a traveler tired from the weight of his load
May drink from the depths of a crystalline well,
A draught that is sweeter than tongue can tell.
There's a sycamore tree and a rustic seat
That is shaded all day from the Summer heat,
And an old wind-mill that is spun with ease
By the tender caress of a delicate breeze.
There's a little old woman who stands to wait
With a welcoming smile at the garden gate,
And oh the contentment and love you'll find
When you've left the sweltering road behind,
For the pride of a palace could never compare
With the little white house that is standing there,
And its gay invitation to those who roam;
Some call it a haven—some call it Home.

(Continued from page 27)

and newsstands of the county were clean. The problem now is to keep them clean. The reporting service of the distributing companies will go far toward achieving that result. But now the churches, parent-teacher associations, and women's clubs have joined in the campaign to keep the newsstands clean. They have pledged themselves to report the circulation of any indecent matter that may come to their attention. This article is written in the middle of February, 1938, and thus far only one complaint has reached the District Attorney. One bit of filthy matter has been found in the hands of two children. It seems as if the scheme did work.

At any rate it will probably work in regard to the legitimate news dealers. There are other sources of distribution, however, that cannot be stemmed so easily. There are the fly-by-night distributors who will drive into a county, make a quick distribution of their literature, and drive out again before they can be caught. There are the street hawkers whose ostensible trade is in razor blades and similar legitimate articles of commerce; but in all too many cases these innocuous products are merely the front for the sale of articles prohibited by law. These street hawkers manage to do a very large business, and since they do not carry it on openly they are particularly hard to apprehend.

There is also a very wide second-hand sale of indecent matter. It seems characteristic of wares of this sort that their ownership should turn over many times. A single indecent print will have many owners before it is finally worn out. There will probably always be indecent publications and their distribution can never be wholly abolished. Filthy pictures have been revealed scrawled by the early Romans on the walls of Pompeii, and they will probably still be in evidence when our present civilization is as lost and buried as was that of early Rome.

Nevertheless, Westchester County is pretty clean today, and it was all achieved so easily—not a single arrest, not a single punishment, not a dollar cost to the county, no heartaches, no injustice, no punishment of the little fellow. It was all achieved through the cooperation of the wholesale distributors and through a District Attorney who did not draw his weapon even though the velvet scabbard held a sword of steel.

"It is easy to enforce a law," said Mr. Morris, "if public opinion is behind you and public opinion was behind me in this. But without the approval of the public you can't do very much."

★

Are you planning to move?

There are two urgent reasons why it is extremely important that you notify us as far in advance as possible of any change in address. First, by not doing so you may miss an issue completely. Secondly, every time the Post Office is forced to notify us of a change, a charge is made to Christian Herald, which in the course of a year runs into a substantial sum. A post card stating your old and new address is all that is necessary.



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ference between peace of
mind and frequent worry
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old age*

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Do you know what foods help rheumatism—common stomach trouble—constipation? What foods should never be eaten together? Which foods act as medicines—which as poisons? Learn these vital facts and get back on the road to health!

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(Continued from page 30)

unless we equip this scientific generation with compassion.

"Young people are deeply devoted to the larger fields today, not only on the geography map but on the time map. They are using their talents to build a world in which they will never live. They are not interested in security for their own lives but for the generations which they never will know. What else is religion?"

Nor does he think that there is greater laxity among young people today than there was in the older years. Certain conventions are yielding to the impact of change, but the secrets of moral integrity are responsibility and compassion, and on these scores, youth walks proudly.

Returning to the church itself, there are 1400 church members on its active list. The minister has no professional staff. Just one office secretary. He believes that the people should be utilized to take care of the congregational, educational, and organizational needs. Every Sunday Dr. Clausen preaches a thirty-minute sermon in the morning and an-

During the working year Dr. Clausen absents himself from his pulpit only Sundays. On those days he addresses college groups, trying to reach several colleges in one day. In the summer leaves Pittsburgh for two months, where he spends on a little island in the middle of a lake, in New England. His family and a family of friends are the sole inhabitants of the island. His wife and child—Carolyn who is ready for college; Milton who delivers papers; and Susan who is just eleven—live gleefully in the solitude.

There are no telephones on the island. Anyone who wants to come over must stand on the shore a half a mile away and blow a fog-horn. Dr. Clausen does not force himself into writing during his period, though at home he has two or three books constantly in preparation. He sails a boat, swims, fishes, and reads. Five of the 100 books which he reads in a systematic manner each year, are digested in the summer.

Since the island is near Worcester, Massachusetts, where the State Hospital is in conjunction with selected Divinity students, is conducting an experiment in



VACATION

Are you going to have a vacation this summer? Do you worry about possible discontent with your regular way of living after you return from your vacation? Well, then never doubt the good that will be done by a vacation from hunger and poverty.

A vacation at Mont Lawn will not only give the child of the slums good health to face the life of the tenement, but let that child know there is a better way of living, one worth striving for.

How can they know without your help? What chance have they if they know nothing but the filth, crime and misery of slum life? How can they know what Christianity means unless they know of its deeds of kindness?



other in the evening. He leads a forum of college young people at the Bible School hour.

A project method which the children of the Bible School are pursuing has attracted widespread attention in the Middle West. The children of the whole Church School cooperate on a venture; maybe the creation of a Japanese village (they built one in the basement of the church last year) or perhaps the study of some hospital's needs in a foreign land. They are buying an X-raying machine and a chlorinating device for Burma now. The geography of the country under observation, the customs and costumes of its people, their needs, their economic and social status, their spiritual pattern, all are given attention. Gradually the children are led to see the importance of Christianity in the land and the changes which it introduces.

Dr. Clausen sees the danger of Sunday School contests. A little girl in his Sunday school once asked him to pray that a playmate would be ill the next Sunday.

"Why?" he asked her.

"So she can't come to Sunday school and I'll win the contest," came the laconic reply.

Deciding that he couldn't preach tolerance and charity when the drag was set in the opposite direction, the young preacher adopted the new idea of motivating faithfulness by stimulating interest.

religious phases of psychological research. Dr. Clausen visits those novel classes when his peace makes him hungry for intellectual stimulation.

At home he sleeps eight hours every night, eats three good meals a day, and takes a long nap, like a tired boy, on Sunday afternoons. Each year he asks the congregation to select two or three sermons it would like to have him repeat. These appear in a pamphlet. Among the books that he has written are: "Preach It Again;" "The Miracle of Me;" "Portraits of the Twelve;" "The Door That Has No Key;" "The Technique of a Minister;" "Pen Portraits of the Prophets;" "Pen Pictures in the Upper Room;" "The Pictures of Calvary;" "Tested Program for Special Days;" "The ABC of the New Testament;" and more recently, "The ABC of the Old Testament," not yet in the press.

The young man who won his Phi Beta Kappa key and cherished his Delta Sigma Rho, has lived to see the classical tradition collapse in a world whose dreams are girded with steel and mortar. Hardly a dozen students are studying Greek at Cambridge today.

In Pittsburgh, where the Ohio, the Allegheny and the Monongahela come together, where colleges of technical training summon the young, the man who visualized a cloistered life is preaching a gospel in world-wide terms.

(Continued from page 42)

out 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RIPE PINEAPPLE, RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRY JELLY

3½ cups (1¾ lbs.) juice
7½ cups (3¾ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, pare 1 small fully ripe pineapple; chop very fine or grind, cut in 1-inch pieces (do not peel) about 1 pound red-stalked rhubarb and put through food chopper. Crush thoroughly or grind about 1 pint fully ripe strawberries. Combine fruits; place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RIPE SLICED STRAWBERRY JAM

4½ cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, cut about 2 quarts fully ripe berries in halves lengthwise; cut large berries in quarters.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit, solidly packed, into large kettle; mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 3 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RIPE BLACK RASPBERRY JELLY

3 cups (1½ lbs.) berry juice
¼ cup lemon juice
7½ cups (3¾ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, remove larger stems from about 4 pounds fully ripe berries; place in kettle and crush. Heat gently until juice starts to flow, then simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Squeeze and strain juice from 4 lemons.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

(Continued from page 48)

called "Robinsoni" and "Novi Belgi Mulberry" has large single blooms in rich mulberry. A rosy-pink of the same family is "Olga Keith." These Asters are among the most colorful subjects in the early fall garden and should be planted more freely.

Gardeners who know and value *Boltonia* will welcome a new plant known as *Eru-bescens of Chrysoboltonia*, a combination of *Boltonia* and *chrysanthemum*. Its delicate pink flowers, about two inches in diameter, are freely produced from early September till mid-October. It grows three to four feet high and each plant makes a mound about three feet across.

RIPE STRAWBERRY AND RHUBARB**JELLY**

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice
8 cups (3½ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, cut in 1-inch pieces about 1 pound rhubarb and put through food chopper. Crush thoroughly or grind about 2 quarts fully ripe strawberries. Combine fruits; place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and fruit juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute.

RIPE BLACKBERRY MARMALADE

3 cups (1½ lbs.) prepared fruit
5 cups (2½ lbs.) sugar
¼ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel off yellow rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon with sharp knife, leaving as much of white part on fruit as possible. Put yellow rinds through food chopper; add ½ cup water and ½ teaspoon soda, bring to a boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Cut off tight skin of peeled fruit and slip pulp out of each section. Add pulp and juice to cooked rind. Crush or grind about 1 quart ripe blackberries. Combine with orange mixture.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil gently 5 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes.

RIPE GRAPE CONSERVE

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
Grated lemon rind
¼ cup lemon juice
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
1 cup nut meats, finely chopped
½ lb. seeded raisins
¼ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, stem and crush well about 3 pounds fully ripe grapes. Add ¼ cup water, bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Remove seeds and skins by sieving. Grate rind and squeeze juice from 2 lemons.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Add lemon rind and juice, raisins, and nut meats, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot conserve at once.

Annuals leading the parade in 1938 include "Ageratum Fairy Pink," a fit companion to "Blue Ball" introduced in '37; "Cosmos, Sensation Pinkie," "Sensation Purity," and "Sensation Crimson," the finest Cosmos ever offered; "Eschscholtzia, My Favorite" is a dandy; marigolds in many new varieties including those with scentless foliage; petunia "Salmon Supreme."

We'll end this presentation of new things with mention of a new tool that should find a hearty welcome. It's called the Speedy Weeder or Mulcher and is light and easy to use. It works fast and sure either forwards or backwards. The single blade is easily kept sharp with a file and certainly makes short work of weeds.

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a week**

—this bride
can't afford
baking failures

"In the year I've been married," says young Mrs. George Fernicola, of Newark, N. J., "I've learned it doesn't pay to experiment with cheap, doubtful baking powder. I tried it once, and my cake was so poor I was ashamed to let George know I had baked it."



"I can't afford to waste good baking ingredients, and I went right back to my mother's stand-by—good, dependable Royal. And George brags so much about my baking that I'm really embarrassed. I know the credit belongs to Royal."

THANK YOU, MRS. FERNICOLA. And "orchids to you" for your sound reasoning! When you figure the cost of cake ingredients, you see at once that it is poor economy to trust expensive materials to cheap, doubtful baking powder.

After all, two or three teaspoons of baking powder are enough for a large cake. That much Royal costs about 1¢!

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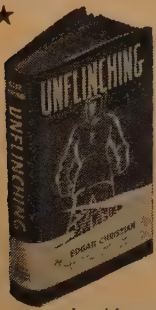
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WHAT BOOKS are

Drs. Poling, Foulkes and Speer have books, a list of the best, which are



THERE probably has never been a time in the history of the world when so many fine books dealing with religious and kindred subjects have been available.

And, contrary to the usual lay opinion, many of these interesting and important books are designed for general consumption—not exclusively for the clergy. And so this spring we have asked a prominent committee to select from the newer books a list of thirty that merit special attention.

The committee of selection is Dr. William Hiram Foulkes, Pastor Old First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.; Dr. Robert E. Speer, Ex-President, Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and former Moderator Presbyterian Church in U. S. A.; and Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Editor-in-chief of *Christian Herald* and

Pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, Pa.—all authors in their own right. Says Dr. Poling of his selections: "It is my opinion that no library can be called complete which does not contain these books. They will live and be read where most of our current secular literature will be forgotten. Many of them are delightful and make easy reading; others are profound and thought-provoking. Every person who serves the Kingdom of God should read such books in order that they may be able more intelligently and faithfully to meet the problems which will confront all Christians in the days to come."

Any of these books may be secured at your local bookstore; or, if there is no bookstore in your vicinity, write *Christian Herald* Book Department, or the publisher of the book.

Ten Outstanding Religious Books

MEN OF POWER, by Fred Eastman—Cokesbury Press, Nashville, \$1.50. Volume of five volumes.

Where, how, what, and why were Thomas Jefferson, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Louis Pasteur men of power? Mr. Eastman writes with vigor, analyzing the reasons for greatness of these men.

THE ETERNAL GOSPEL, by Rufus M. Jones—Macmillan Co., \$2.00.

A philosopher discusses the self-revelation of God, the revelation found in the Church's history and literature as well as the mystical significance of Life. For everyone to read.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JEWS AND CHRISTIANS, by John Cournos—Oxford University Press, \$2.00.

Thought-provoking. Excellent material for students and ministers. The conviction that "the Jewish problem and the Christian problem are one and that they will be settled as one or not at all" is hard to deny.

RECOVERIES IN RELIGION, by Ralph W. Sockman—Cokesbury Press, \$2.00.

Recoveries in Authority, Balance, Radiance, Power, and Preaching are each making themselves felt. Here are the burning questions of the day discussed in the light of experience and intimate knowledge of the abiding truths. For mature readers.

THE VALIDITY OF THE GOSPEL RECORD, by Ernest Findlay Scott—Scribner's, \$2.00.

For clergymen, teachers and students. The Gospels as a record of fact. Confirmation for the great tradition of Christian faith and experience.

LET US PRAY, by Winifred Kirkland—Harper & Brothers, \$1.00.

A well known *Christian Herald* writer presents this vital little book. Every reader with a mind above the "pulp magazine" level will be enriched by it.

THE WORLD IN WHICH JESUS LIVED, by Basil Mathews—Abingdon Press, \$1.50.

For readers who desire a better understanding of the Bible lands, this book will give a newer, clearer, and more vivid picture of daily living in the time of Jesus and Paul than even the ordinary tourist visit to the Holy Land.

THY KINGDOM COME—But Not Now, by Margaret Slattery—Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.

For all who like to read in the field of applied Christianity. Sound, profitable reading.

THIRTY PSALMISTS, by Fleming James—G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.75.

A new, absorbing and authoritative study, suitable for all Bible students and teachers, as well as the general reader.

THE QUEST FOR HOLINESS, by Adolf Oberle—Augsburg Press, \$2.50.

Profound yet moving, deep and true, this is one of the finest religious books of recent years.

PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION, by Carl Gustav Jung—Yale University Press, \$2.00.

Dealing with the subconscious as revealed in dreams. It is unusual to find a man of science who is so unbiased in a scientific description of religious experiences as Dr. Jung, a psychiatrist, who bases his finding upon the analysis of several hundred dreams. For students and ministers.

you reading now?

selected, from the flood of spring
here recommended to our readers

Daily Devotions and Bible Studies

THE QUIET HOUR—David C. Cook Publishing Co., single copies 25 cents a year.

A simple, winning program of Daily Devotions, that will afford peace and comfort, and cultivate a worshipful spirit and a deeper faith.

THE UPPER ROOM—(Subscription price, 30 cents per year.) This almost inspired publication now reaches one million people. Through its influence, thousands of family altars have been established and daily devotions are being conducted in thousands of homes.

A COMMENTARY ON THE WHOLE BIBLE, by Jamieson, Fausset and Brown—Zondervan Publishing Co., \$4.95.

A verse-by-verse analysis of the whole Bible, with critical and explanatory notes, full introductions, and subject contents. Indispensable.

Biographies

JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann—published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York—2 vols., \$5.00.

For all serious readers. An epic in magnificent prose built upon the brief Biblical record of Joseph's sojourn in Egypt. A great story not unlike "Quo Vadis" in its proportions and yet quite unlike any other.

JACOB A. RIIS, by Louise Ware—Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., New York—\$3.00.

A biography of a philanthropist—a champion for slum clearance. The story of a young Dane who migrated to America and became a wealthy and worth-while citizen.

SON TO SUSANNAH, by Mrs. G. Elsie Harrison—Cokesbury Press, \$2.50.

A remarkable picture of Wesley. A well seasoned biography of the founder of Methodism. A truly human document.

THE STORY OF MELINA RORKE, by Melina Rorke—Greystone Press, \$2.75.

The Boer War made Melina Rorke organize a nursing corps to give aid to the soldiers. She was decorated by George VII for her work as The Florence Nightingale of South Africa. But this is only a small part of the book. The thrilling treks through "darkest Africa," the diamond mines at Kimberley, the native wars—all make grand reading.

NEIGHBORHOOD, by Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch—W. W. Norton Co., \$2.50.

For those numerous persons interested in the field of community service and social reconstruction this book will be most interesting, and covers the field well.

MY FATHER, by Paul D. Moody—Little Brown & Co., \$1.75.

An intimate informal biography of the great evangelist, by his son. The book is worth reading for the last three chapters alone—but once you begin it you will read it all.

STRONG MAN OF CHINA, by Robert Berkof—Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.00

A three-star book for all students of present-day affairs. The best book yet written about the history and character of the most vital figure in the great drama now being enacted in the Far East.

Books on Self Help

HONESTY, by Richard Cabot—Macmillan Co., \$2.50.

A handbook that can be used in formulating a personal as well as a group philosophy for courageous Christian Living.

UNFLINCHING, The diary of David Christian, by Edgar Christian—Funk and Wagnalls, \$1.50.

A record of trying experiences in the Canadian North, and how a young man struggled to overcome them. A breathless story of heroism, for adults or youngsters.

A PRAIRIE GROVE, by Donald Culross Peattie—Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.

A poet of nature tells an inspiring imaginative story of Illinois. A story which makes one feel it a privilege to live in such a nation among such a people.

MIDDLE AGE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, by Boris Sokoloff—Greystone Press, \$1.75.

A "must" book for every man and woman in middle life or approaching it. The most stimulating and informative, compact and timely publication, that we have read in the field of personal health, physical and mental well-being.

BUILD YOUR OWN FUTURE, by David Seabury—Frederick A. Stokes, \$2.50.

A book for all interested in finding the road to success through sane self-mastery. A formula for life and more abundant living.

(Continued on page 56)

A New Volume of Poems
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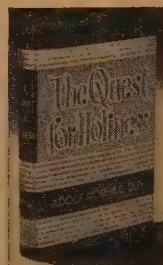
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Your Book- Selection Committee Recommends

Ralph W. Sockman: RECOVERIES IN RELIGION

"Stimulating and thought-provoking."—*New York Sun*. "Interesting in its statements, earnest in its arguments, spiritual in its outlook, and constructive in content, *Recoveries In Religion* can be recommended for the widest possible reading."—*Pulpit Digest*. \$2

Fred Eastman: MEN OF POWER

The brief but fascinating biographies of Thomas Jefferson, Charles Dickens, Louis Pasteur, and Matthew Arnold are given in this first volume of Mr. Eastman's five-volume series. Each life-story is a study of the power which shaped one man for great leadership. "A rich treat for the book-lover."—*Religious Telescope*. \$1.50

G. Elsie Harrison: SON TO SUSANNA

This *Private Life of John Wesley* has been called "the most human document ever published about the Founder of Methodism." "Dramatically written—a work of art."—*Zion's Herald*. "Indispensable if one would have the complete picture."—*World Call*. \$2.50

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(Continued from page 55)

Books for General Reading

SONGS OF HOPE, by Grace Noll Crowell—Harper & Brothers, 55 cents postpaid. The newest book by your favorite poet. For review of this book, see *Christian Herald* for May.

R.F.D., by Charles Allen Smart—W. W. Norton & Co., \$2.50.

For mature readers, who love clean, strong writing, with the scent of things alive and growing. The author is naive in his approach to the holy things of others, but a grand book it is.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE, by Paul de Kruif—Harcourt Brace & Co., \$3.00.

Parents, teachers and all persons interested in healthful living will find this absorbing and splendidly helpful.

Standard Books

The books listed above are all among the latest spring publications. However, there are many books among the older lists which are deserving of a place in your library. Here are some of them:

MOFFATT'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE—Harper and Brothers.

A completely new and revised edition of this indispensable work which Dr. Jowett calls "the greatest translation made by the man most ably prepared to translate it." In many editions and prices.

BIBLE STORY BOOK, by A. Egermeier—Gospel Trumpet Co., \$2.00.

This standard book has sold many thousands of copies, and still sells steadily, because of its outstanding merit.

AND SO TO WAR, by Hubert Herring—Yale University Press, \$2.00.

A new book, but destined to become a standard work on the subject of peace. The author shows convincingly how the United States can keep out of war.

Best Sellers

The sales leaders during Lent in the religious book departments of thirty of the country's leading book stores:

Title	Author	Times Mentioned
Successful Christian Living	Fosdick	17
The Choice Before Us	E. Stanley Jones	11
I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes	Clark	8
Thy Kingdom Come But Not Now	Slattery	6
Return To Religion	Link	7
Five Minutes To Twelve	Keller	4
Recoveries in Religion	Sockman	4
Living Every-day	Newton	3
They Dared to Live	Bartlett	3
The Doctrine of the Church of England		3
My Utmost for His Highest	Chambers	3
Sermon on The Mount	Fox	3
Mystery of Sacrifice	Underhill	3
Making Life Worth Living	Sizoo	3
Streams in the Desert	Cowman	3
Finding the Goal Posts	Howe	3
Beyond Tragedy	Niebuhr	3
The Reconciling Christ	Tucker	3
My Pillow Book	Rice	3

The following bookstores cooperated in compiling the above list:

Board of M. P. Church, Baltimore	Dutton's, Inc., New York
Lycette's, Baltimore	Putnam's Bookstore, New York
Old Corner Book Shop, Boston	Presbyterian Bookstore, New York
Pilgrim Press, Boston	R. H. Macy & Co., New York
Otto Ulbrech Co., Buffalo	Morehouse & Gorham, New York
American Baptist Publication Society, Chicago	Union Theological Seminary, New York
Burrows Bros., Cleveland	John Wanamaker's, New York
McClelland's, Columbus	Methodist Publishing House, Nashville
Publication Bookstore, Denver	Presbyterian Bookstore, Pittsburgh
The Episcopal Bookshop, Detroit	United Presbyterian Bookstore, Pittsburgh
Meigs Publishing Co., Indianapolis	Methodist Publishing House, Richmond
Baptist Bookstore, Kansas City	Presbyterian Bookstore, San Francisco
Pentecostal Publishing Co., Louisville	Pursell's Bookstore, Washington, D. C.
Brentano's, New York	Elizabeth Howard Book Stall, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from page 31)

I crawled into the upper berth of a Pullman sleeper one night, and soon discovered that there was a crying baby in nearby lower berth. Such a situation is one of the ultimate tests of our veneer of civilization. Impatient men in other sleepers began to cough and snort nervously. The mother, anxiously hushing the child, said, for our ears, "Baby, be quiet—you are keeping everybody awake." The car was filled with human hate. Once when the train stopped, the baby slept, and when it started again, the roused baby cried, while the hate was transferred for a little while to the locomotive engineer. So we rolled along in the darkness, a perfect microcosm of our resentful world.

I lay there, sleepless, philosophizing. Suddenly there should be a wreck and our car should be crushed, and the mother and baby were caught in the debris—not a man of us would think of anything but sacrifice. Live steam and flames would not daunt us. We should give up our lives to save that woman and her child. A crisis would have turned us into heroes. Yet we could not meet the little test of those pitiful cries that night. We should have realized that we were babies once, that mothers do not travel at night unless some fate compels them, that some of us are moved occasionally, and above all, that we owed it to that bewildered mother to help her to the closed room at the end of the car, where she could hush the baby without embarrassment. But such chivalry is rare. We live like lobsters, waiting to be heroic in disasters.

Doctors say that hundreds of little children invent symptoms of illness, because they know their parents will be kind and attentive to them only when they are sick. We should be as gentle every day, as we would be if they were dying. We should know that every choice is critical; every word eternal; every person we meet, for that meeting, the most important person in the world.

One of my heroes is Father Damien, consecrated apostle to the lepers on Molokai. When he arrived, as a young man, and took one look at their rotting faces, he made a rule that there should be no mirrors on Molokai. One Sunday, as he rose to preach, he began with the words his diseased friends had dreaded to hear from the first, "We lepers"—for in the interim, he had contracted the dread disease.

How can you account for a life like that? He knew how to live at his best every day. Sometimes we feel such boundless compassion for a few glorious, heroic, fleeting moments. But in us, it subsides, and we live our lives on the low level of selfishness. Everything Damien did was touched with the sympathy of crisis.

I have not called you lobsters. I have told you how lobsters behave. I have asked you to examine your own lives. I know you can deal with an immediate emergency in the spirit of sublime courage and self denial, but even a lobster can do that. Can you go on from there? Facing the daily demands of ordinary choices, can you tear loose day by day, even at the risk of losing a claw, and live, every day, gloriously?

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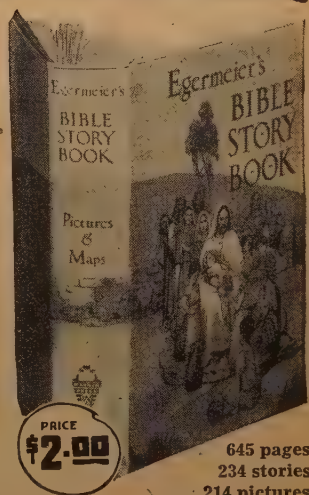
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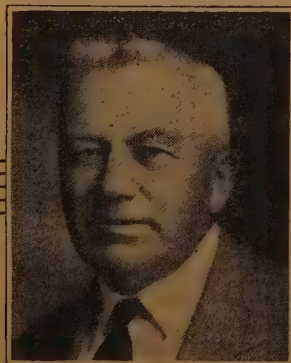


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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JUNE



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



JUNE 5 Serving by Personal Devotion to Christ

MARK 14:3-11, 27-31

THE careful student will find that the anointing at Bethany is given by Matthew (16:6-13) and John (12:2-8) as well as by Mark; and that Luke has an account somewhat similar (7:36-50). Matthew and Mark do not name the woman; Luke describes her as "a woman which was in the city, a sinner," and John names her as Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. All together, it seems best to conclude that Luke's account is of another incident at a different time, while the other three accounts refer to the same occurrence.

Note the following details: (1) It took place during the week of Passion, and almost at the end of Jesus' career; it therefore had a far greater significance than it would have had at an earlier time. (2) It was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper. He was probably a cured leper, perhaps owing his healing to Jesus. (3) Anointing was a common refreshment after a journey or in connection with a meal. (4) The woman bore a cruse or flask of ointment; it was called "an alabaster," either because it was made of alabaster or because that term was applied to any vase or cruse used for holding unguents. (5) The ointment used was *genuine, pure nard*, the essential oil of an Indian plant, rare and costly.

(6) The woman broke the narrow neck of the flask, as if to indicate that a complete use was to be made of its contents and that no part was to remain for common use. (7) The source of the indignation is variously given. Matthew says it was *the disciples*; John puts the complaint upon the lips of *Judas*; and Mark says that "there were some. . ." (8) The value of the ointment was said to be "three hundred pence," or "three hundred denarii." Since a denarius at that time represented a day's wages, the value is seen to be great enough to justify the charge of extravagance. (9) Jesus praised and defended the woman's act.

The Other Side of the Picture. Whether or not Mark intended the sudden transition from the praise of the woman's deed to the base action of Judas, that tremendous effect is brought to the reader. No class can avoid raising the question, "Why did Judas betray his Master?" The Gospels themselves point to only two causes: the work of Satan (Luke 22:3; John 13:2,27) and greed for money. But many other points of view are held. In the Passion Play at Oberammergau the idea is set forth that Judas neither intended nor realized that he was doing so serious a thing; that when he came to himself he tried to undo the mischief only to find that he could not withdraw from his bargain. This

makes his remorse the more poignant.

Words did not save Peter. Verses 27-31 give a picture of a third person whose devotion to Christ was tested. Mary Bethany said, "I will show my devotion by a costly service"; Judas said, "I have no longer any devotion"; while Peter said, "My devotion shall be evident in my strong declarations." As a basis for Jesus' positive assertion were the words of Zechariah (13:7). In quoting this Jesus refers to the death of the shepherd (Himself) and the dispersion of His flock (the falling away of followers). How would he be stirred by the courageous stand of all the disciples, "If we must die with thee, we will not deny thee," did we not know!

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What sort of service can be rendered today to compare favorably with the anointing at Bethany?
2. What is your estimate of Judas—helpless, doomed individual, or a willing sinner, or something else?
3. How is Jesus betrayed today?

JUNE 12

Facing the Supreme Test of Service

MARK 14:32-46

THE key words in this lesson are these:

1. *Gethsemane.* The word means "oil press." It seems to have been a small enclosure with olive trees, off the main highway but not far from the city. "The traditional site is some fifty yards beyond the bridge across the Kidron. There a plot of ground presents itself, surrounded by a stone wall and having within it eight olive trees." (Salmond, *Gospel of Mark*.)

2. *Sit ye here while I pray.* Eight disciples were to remain at the entrance to the enclosure, while three were to go inside with their Master. These three are sometimes referred to as "the inner circle of Christ's friends." Prayer, and prayer in solitude, was the one need of Jesus as the cross loomed in near sight.

3. *Amazed and sore troubled.* It was an inward conflict which came upon Jesus and only the strongest words of struggle and dread are used to describe it. His speech to the three disciples indicates the weight of sorrow which pressed in upon Him. It was not the horror of physical suffering that caused Him to agonize, but the fact that thus He must identify Himself with sinners.

4. *Abba, Father.* These are two words, Aramaic and Greek, but having the same meaning. Used in this fashion, the doubtless expressed deep emotion.

5. *All things are possible unto thee.* Jesus' conception of the Father's power was that it was unlimited. There is no



Defrauded Children!

THEY have never seen a cow, they have never seen live chickens except in crates on their way to market. They do not know the wonder of budding trees and blossoming plants. They do not know fresh country milk, eggs and vegetables. When they do have milk it is poor, thin stuff coming from the cow that produced it. Children of the city's slums know only the drab, sordid side of life; from early morn until late night they know the ugliness and meanness of poverty and ignorance.

* * * * *

All through the long winter months Ruth and Billy have been looking forward to the summer. They never tired of talking of the things they had done at Mont Lawn the summer before and making new plans for the days to come. They had come to Mont Lawn little more than living skeletons; at the end of a month you would not have recognized them—they had taken on a little fat, their eyes had a sparkle and their skin a healthy glow. When you saw the magic of a month at Mont Lawn, you wished you had the power to send all the slum's children to the country to live both winter and summer.

Ruth and Billy had to be carefully watched the first few days they were at Mont Lawn—they so easily could have over-eaten and been made sick. Stomachs that have never known full meals do not have the capacity to take care of all the food a hungry child might cram into it. How they loved the milk! and the eggs! But the crowning feast of each week was Sunday's dinner: there was ice cream for dessert!

★

Send a postal and ask for a bank; invite your family and friends to contribute toward sending a child to the country. Help your children to know the happiness of helping others.

Ruth and Billy are not so thin as they were last year, that month in the country helped get them through the hardest winter they have ever known. But they have lost the sparkle in their eyes, there is no color in their cheeks. Because work has been scarce for the fathers of slum children, food has been scarce, homes have been improperly heated and overcrowded; thin little bodies have not been sufficiently protected against the weather. But for charity there would have been even more suffering.

There is nothing these children can do to protect themselves against such suffering; count yourself fortunate indeed if you find that you are able to help them. Welcome this opportunity to serve little children and give them the little or much that you can spare, for they have nothing. Let them come to us at Mont Lawn where they can know the happiness of having plenty to eat, the freedom of life in the country, the joy of swimming in pools of crystal clear water and the peace of the Christ they will find in Mont Lawn's Chapel.

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condition attached to that. God was able to provide the way of escape even from this dark hour. But *should* He do so? That question involves the Father's will, not His ability.

When Jesus or any one of His followers comes to complete acceptance of the will of God—"not what I will but what thou wilt"—the highest point of connection and devotion is found. This is Christianity's best achievement, that it can bring individuals with the strongest wills cheerfully to submit them to the higher Divine will.

6. *Watch and pray.* These two great junctures are for all Christians at all times. They had a particular meaning for the disciples who slept while their Master was in deep distress.

7. *The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.* These words are often quoted as an apology for erring human nature. "The Lord knows how insufficient the instrument is through which the spirit has to work. . . . Everywhere the *spirit* is that which gives life and links man with God. . . . Everywhere, too, the *flesh* is the note of man's limitations." (*The New Century Bible*.)

8. *The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.* After three times of withdrawal for prayer, three times of discovery of the Father's will, and submission to it, three times of disappointment because of the unaiding disciples, Jesus sensed the sudden coming of the crisis. How full of doom must these words have sounded on the ears of the disciples! His enemies had never had Jesus in their grasp. There was always confidence that He could find a way of escape if the pressure became too great. But that in a few short minutes their Master should walk out calmly and willingly into the waiting arms of the sinful men of the opposing party seemed so overwhelming that it caused a panic among them.

9. *Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he.* There was a "sure fire" signal arranged between Judas and the leaders of the mob. Though Jesus was known by sight to many of them, in the darkness and confusion there might have been a mistake. But Judas would be able to identify Jesus in the dark. The salute which he gave was a common one to be given to a rabbi, but never was it fraught with more sinister meaning nor did it accomplish more devastating results.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Do Christians today have experiences comparable to Gethsemane? If so, what are they?
2. What makes possible today an entrance into the "inner circle of Christ's friends"?
3. Who are betrayers of Christ today? How do they accomplish their ends?

JUNE 19

The Suffering Servant

MARK 15:22-39

EACH student will wish to read carefully and compare the four Gospel accounts: Matt. 27:32-56, Mark 15:22-39, Luke 23:26-49, John 19:16-37.

The following points will serve to provoke study and thought:

1. *Before the crucifixion.* We note the names applied to the place: (a) Golgotha, the Hebrew or Aramaic word which Mark interprets as *the place of a skull*; (b) Calvary, the Latin translation for *the place of a skull*, and coming from the Vulgate Version. Its exact location cannot now be known, but the traditional site is now included in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Who gave the drink to Jesus (wine mixed with myrrh), and why? It was considered an opiate, to dull the senses and thus lessen the pain of the ordeal. There was a custom among Jewish women of performing this humane act for their fellow-creatures about to be crucified. But Jesus refused the drink, desiring to keep His mind clear to the last moment.

2. *The act of crucifixion.* No one of the Gospel accounts, nor all of them together provide the details of the erection of the cross. Mark says the act occurred at the *third hour*, which would be nine o'clock as we reckon time. "The cross was generally just high enough to raise the feet above the ground. In this case it must have been higher (v.36). The victim was placed upon it before the cross was elevated, his hands and feet being fastened to it by nails, and his body supported by a peg fastened into the wood between his legs." (*International Critical Commentary*.)

By common custom the clothes were taken from the condemned and became the property of the soldiers on duty. The casting of lots for all the garments or for only one (John 19:23), was quite a natural thing to do, but it fulfilled the reference in Psalm 22:18.

Another custom provided that the cause of condemnation be made known by a placard or inscription which the prisoner should carry on his way to crucifixion and which should then be attached to the cross.

With Jesus two robbers were crucified. They were not simply thieves who took things by stealth, but bandits using violence to attain their ends. Many have thought them to be members of the band of Barabbas.

3. *The hours of suffering on the cross.* Sometimes death as the end of crucifixion was delayed for long hours or even days. In Jesus' case the duration of the agony was about six hours, or from nine to three o'clock. Attention should be paid to the following three elements in the Saviour's suffering:

(a) *Mental distress on the cross.* As if Jesus' own meditations on the violence of His enemies were not enough, the taunts and the mockery brought extreme mental anguish. Our Lord was challenged to display the power which He had so often claimed and sometimes used—for other reasons. Why did He not use it for Himself?

(b) *Jesus' spoken words, indicating His spiritual victory.* Mark mentions only two sounds made by the Saviour on the cross: the quotation from Psalm 22: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the loud cry when He expired. Luke and John add six other sayings, so that we have "the seven last words on the cross."

Since many writers note the close relationship between Psalm 22 and the crucifixion accounts, that Psalm should be referred to in the class session. Some have suggested that it was natural for Jesus

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to quote a well-known psalm, and that its
opening words would not necessarily indi-
cate despair on Jesus' part.

No study of this lesson should close
without a definite facing of the questions:
What if Christ had not died. What dif-
ference would it make to me?

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Who were responsible for the death of Jesus?
2. How do you explain the darkness and the rending of the veil of the temple?
3. Try to picture the results, immediate and permanent, if Jesus had accepted the challenge of His enemies.

JUNE 26

Sharing Service with the Living Christ

MARK 16:1-8, 14-16, 19, 20

THE following outline of Mark's narra-
tive (1-8) is given by Dr. Ezra P. Gould
(*Gospel of Mark*): "With the end of the
Sabbath, the women, who are the only ones
left to perform the service, bought the
spices necessary, and came at sunrise to
the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus. On
the way, they discussed among themselves
whom they should get to roll away the
heavy stone from the entrance of the
tomb. But they found it removed, and on
entering they saw a young man seated at
the right, clothed in a long white robe.

"Naturally, they were amazed, but he
tells them that there is no reason for
their amazement; that Jesus whom they
are seeking, the Nazarene, the crucified, is
not there, he is risen! And he points them
to the place where they had put him, in
proof. But he bids them announce to the
disciples, and especially to Peter, that he
is going before them into Galilee, and that
they will see him there, as he had told
them on the night of the betrayal. The
effect of this on the women was fear and
amazement, such that they fled from the
place and were restrained by their fear
from telling any one."

Teaching Points from the Resurrection

1. The faithfulness of the women, keep-
ing long and loving vigil over the Sab-
bath day, is noteworthy.
2. The removal of the stone, which
seemed to them an obstacle which could
not be overcome, is a constant reminder of
the way in which huge difficulties are pro-
videntially removed from our lives. When
we wonder and fear, we should also trust
and give God a chance to do for us what
He plans to be most helpful. He should
always remember that no stone is heavy
enough to block God's will.
3. The details of proof in the empty
tomb are given in such simplicity and can-
dor that the facts are convincing to all but
the obstinate in mind. "He is not here,
for He is risen" is so simple and so plausi-
ble that it cannot successfully be refuted.
But while this is so, the strong belief in
the resurrection in the early church was
based, not on the occurrences at the tomb,
nor on the fact that it was empty, but on
the appearances of the risen Lord to cer-
tain persons who testified of that fact.
4. In declaring that Jesus would appear
(Turn to next page)

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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 43)

gist, has uncovered the ruins, for even a tourist to see and understand.

There were successively three Jerichos on the plain: the Jericho of Joshua; the Jericho of Jesus; and the Jericho of today. Here is history, indubitably and unchallengeable. Events happened there and as the Bible said they did.

Over against the cloistered scholar, with his book-born theories, must be put the man with the spade, the digger after incontrovertible facts. And the latter bears witness to the faith of the ages, that the Bible is true.

Thou hast not left Thyself without a record, O God, in stone and ruin, in landscape and in wells, and in the continuing faith of Thy Church, that Thy word is true. May we heed it in our lives. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 27

IN ALIEN LANDS

YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME.
READ ACTS 1:1-11.

THERE are two kinds of persons in the world: those who are shaped by circumstances, and those who shape circumstances. Most of us are like the chameleons that dart over the rocks in hot countries: we take on the coloration of our surroundings.

This may oftenest be seen in travel. "When in Rome do as the Romans do"; so we may see staid, Christian Americans drinking and gambling and patronizing the disreputable amusements of the decadent old world.

Others there are, who, while considerate of local customs, yet maintain unimpaired the standards by which they were governed when at home. They attend church wherever they may be. Their language and conduct continue to be such as become a Christian. Thus they are itinerating witnesses, to their country and to their Christ.

In all places and at all times, we would modestly and sincerely bear witness to Thee, our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28

ON THE WAY TO SINAI

THOU KNOWEST HOW WE ARE TO ENCAMP.
READ NUM. 10:29-36.

OPPORTUNELY, I met two fellow Americans yesterday, in a Pennsylvania

car, who were on their way to Egypt via the Sinai Desert. They knew nothing about the conditions they would encounter; but they had heard it could be done, and, after the manner of their breed, they were attempting it.

Fortunately, I was able to give them information and counsel. That is a first obligation of travelers: to help their fellows over the same road they have gone. We learn, that we may give and guide. Our experiences are not merely for our own satisfaction, but that we may serve and share.

Life at its best is vicarious, lived for others as well as for self. Jesus came "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." If we have been through Sinai we are bound to show others the way.

Guide us, O God, that we may guide; lead us, that we may lead; teach us that we may teach. And in all things may we be followers of our Master. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29

THE SPADE SPEAKS

THY WORD IS SETTLED.
READ PSALM 119:89-96.

WHILE lunching the other day with a famous American archaeologist, one of the few men who is master of this whole field of research, I asked him if there had been any discovery made, in all the widespread diggings in Bible Lands, of a single fact that contradicts the Bible?

Emphatically he replied, "Not one. There has been no faintest disproof of the Bible record, but many, many corroborations."

The spade supports the Book. This mighty and significant fact should be brought home to every young person, in this day when it is so lightly and loosely assumed that the Bible has been disproved by "science." The ancient stones, dug up from the debris of milleniums, cry aloud that the old Book is true.

For all new proof that Thy word is true altogether, we thank Thee, O ageless and almighty One. May we, too, demonstrate its truth in our lives. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30

DYING IN JERUSALEM

I WAIT FOR THE LORD.
READ PSALM 130.

ONE unexploited effect of Zionism has been the striking increase of Jewish

graves. The southern slope of the Mount of Olives is almost filled with new tombs—no longer cut in the rock, but built of stones. Jews have bought available land, to use for burial purposes. It is the dear desire of elderly pious Jews to die in Jerusalem, and be buried there.

So frequently do graves thrust themselves upon one's attention, outside Jerusalem, that the superstition of it becomes oppressive. What matter is what spot one dies, since the soul's road to the New Jerusalem is direct from everywhere? Ignorant Moslems and Jews may think that there will be presence at the Resurrection for bodies resting in this sacred soil; but the Christian knows better.

To live so as to make our community like to the New Jerusalem, and to die wherever Providence wills, in sure expectation of an ultimate abode in the city that hath foundations: that is enough for the Christian.

Whether we live or whether we die, O God, may it be as citizens of the heavenly home prepared by Jesus. Amen.



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(Continued from page 61)

in Galilee, the angel sent the message to "the disciples and Peter." The one who had so lately denied his Lord was not thus separated from the other disciples as though he no longer belonged with them, but was singled out as the special object of Jesus' goodwill and sympathy. What a lesson this provides for those who are called on to forgive!

The Great Commission becomes here, as in Matthew, a magnificent climax. The

resurrection must have result beyond the small circle of Jesus' friends. It must be an inspiration to carry the Gospel "to the whole creation." Until that is a completed task the challenge holds for every follower of the Saviour.

The Ascension makes the complete and final act in the greatest story ever written. Christ's blessed ministry, which Mark began to portray as beginning at the Jordan when the testimony of heaven was added to the confession of men, now concludes with "the Lord Jesus at the right

hand of God" (20).

Questions for Class Discussion

1. If you were asked why you believe in the resurrection of Christ, how would you answer?
2. What is the difference in service with a living Christ and service for a departed Christ?
3. What hint is there that Peter received here a revelation that carried him through to Pentecost and beyond?

(Continued from page 33)

knows the great care they need, so they are entertained with special plans for their food, play and nursing. No happy camping for them. The greatest care must be given to keep them happy in their quiet peaceful rest."

"I had a dear little fellow last summer. He had just lost his mother—she had died of that dread disease, tuberculosis. The doctor sent him to Mont Lawn—nothing but a vacation in the country could save him from contracting the disease to which he had been so exposed. Poor little things, they are in such poor physical condition it doesn't take much to make them tubercular," said one of the beds. "But Mont Lawn doesn't forget them. The big city takes care of many of them in the winter—teaching them in outdoor schools and watching their diet, but when it comes to the summer, the city is no place for them."

"But I am saddest," broke in Sunbeam, "when we have the undernourished children as guests. My heart almost breaks when they undress at night to go to bed. They are all bones! And they look so unhappy. But the most wonderful thing is to watch them as they get fatter each day!"

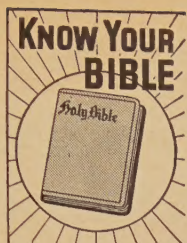
"Oh, look at all the new mattresses! And new beds! Here comes the lady to put on my clean sheets, covers and pillow. Oh, how I hope I have that little curly-headed girl in my arms this summer!"

And so on through the night. I bent down to hear what other beds were whispering to each other:

"We can't wait until some little child brings a sleepy head to each of us," they confided, "then we can hear the goodnight prayer and whisk our own little girl off to the land of happy dreams, wake her in the morning by a gentle tug that she may begin a new day, refreshed and glad to be at camp."

I think the time has come for you to get acquainted with those little white beds; you all must be very tired tonight, it will feel good to get between those clean bed covers and to put your weary little heads on those soft, clean pillows. We have to go to bed early at Mont Lawn; the birds wake you early in the morning, they get so excited about the coming of a new day. You, too, will have a hard time not to make a great noise when you know how much fun you are going to have each day. But don't get up until your teacher tells you it's time; try lying in bed listening to the birds, look at the lovely trees and flowers, then in the winter at home you can close your eyes and make believe you're back at Mont Lawn and it is summer and the birds are singing.

Every bed at Mont Lawn can be filled every day in the summer if the friends of little children will remember them this year. There have been many summers when every bed has not been filled because there was not enough money to pay for the food another child would eat. It hurts to see empty places at the dinner table and empty beds at night when you think of the great hordes of underfed, neglected children in the city's slums. What a Paradise Mont Lawn would seem to them! Surely we can do this for poor children—give them a vacation from their hunger and poverty?



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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Thoughtful

An Irishman carrying a large sack of potatoes along a lonely road was overtaken by a man driving a team hitched to a wagon.

The driver offered Pat a lift, which he gladly accepted, but still kept the sack of potatoes on his back. The driver told him to put them down in the wagon.

"Sure," Pat replied, "I'm thankful for the lift ye give me, but I don't want ye to be burdened with the taters as well."

—Kablegrams

A Casual Acquaintance

The man with the suitcase chased the train to the end of the platform, but failed to catch it. As he slowly walked back, mopping his brow, an interested onlooker remarked:

"Miss the train?"

"Oh, not much," was the reply. "You see, I never got to know it very well."

—Pathfinder

Should Be More

About 100,000,000 feet of motion-picture film was exported from the United States last year. That still isn't enough.

—C. A. P.

(Copyright 1938 by The Saturday Evening Post.)

Cowboy Pleasures

City Girl—And I suppose at dusk, when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cowboys are huddled around the campfire broiling venison and listening to the weird, eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes.

Rattlesnake Gus—Well, ma'am, not eezackly. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos and Andy.

—Labor

Probably

Teacher—Have you heard of Julius Caesar?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—What do you think he would be doing now if he were alive?

Pupil—Drawing the old age pension.

—Exchange

The Little Cynic

Teacher—Is the world round or square, Mary?

Mary—Neither. It's crooked.

—Labor

Right Place for Him

Clupp—I heard about a man who lives on onions alone.

Jawsom—Anyone who lives on onion should live alone.

—Exchange

Why He Goes

Boogy—You must be very fond of the movies, Woogy, to go three nights a week.

Woogy—To tell the truth, Boogy, I'm not keen about a lot of the shows they have nowadays, but I have to go to understand what my youngsters are talking about.

—Exchange

Unfortunate Precedent

A Scotchwoman said to her gardener "Man Tammas, I wonder you don't get married! You've a nice house and all you want is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right," said Tammas, "but he didna keep his job long after."

—Exchange

O.K.—Go Ahead

Highway Patrol: "Have you a driver's license?"

Motorist: "Sure, I have. Want to see it?"

Obliging Patrol: "No, drive on. It's when they don't have it that I insist on seeing it."

—Exchange

An Eyeful

"Last week a grain of sand got into my wife's eye, and she had to go to the doctor. It cost me five dollars."

"That's nothing. Last week a fur coat got in my wife's eye and it cost me \$500."

—Pathfinder

Born Naturalists

Two small boys were walking in the woods, seeking for adventure and what they might find. One picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy," he called excitedly, "come here quick! I've found a porcupine egg!"

—Exchange

Seems Like One

Teacher—Tommy, can you give me an example of a paradox?

Tommy—Yes, sir. A man walking a mile and only moving two feet.

—Exchange